

THE
National
AND ENGLISH
Review

Vol. 149 DECEMBER, 1957

No. 898

**A CHURCH
LIVING IN THE
PAST**

DETROIT
MICHIGAN
46 1957

Mervyn Stockwood PERIODICAL
READING ROOM

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Cover Picture: Mervyn Stockwood talks to undergraduates after a service

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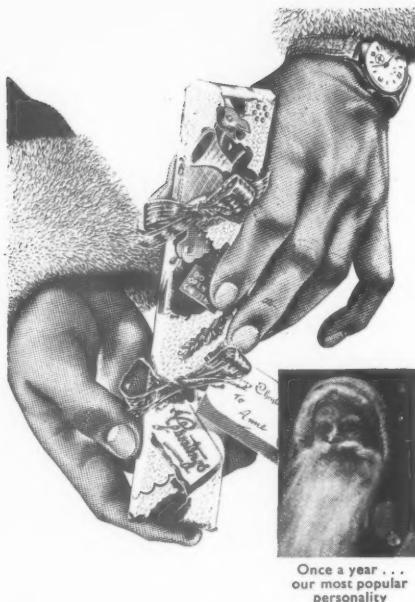
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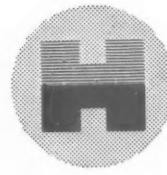
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Episodes of the Month

More Shocks from Moscow

SINCE we wrote last month about the menace of Russian technology and economic organization two further events have occurred to underline what was then said. Marshal Zhukov, who was thought to be the indispensable military prop of Khruschev against his political rivals (just as Bevin buttressed Attlee after 1945) was swiftly and summarily dismissed. This startling demonstration of Khruschev's power was followed by the announcement, in the early hours of November 3, that a second Sputnik had been launched, this time weighing no less than *half a ton* and containing a dog as passenger.

Mr. Aneurin Bevan has said that "two Sputniks do not make a technical summer," but this is surely rather a naive statement. The same might have been said of the two atomic bombs which were dropped on Japan. Such complicated devices presuppose a degree of scientific knowledge and productive capacity which contradicts the popular (and political) fallacy that time is on the side of the West.

"Interdependence"

ON both sides of the Iron Curtain "summit" meetings have taken place. Mao Tse-Tung has visited Moscow and Mr. Harold Macmillan has visited Washington. The communiqué issued after the Washington conference was described as a "declaration of interdependence," and it is hoped that the forthcoming NATO meeting may provide a reassuring demonstration of Western unity and preparedness.

Words, however, are no substitute for deeds, and we must point out that there is nothing new in the *concept* of interdependence. This

has, indeed, been the declared aim of all NATO Governments ever since the alliance was founded, but their actions have unfortunately not matched the fine phrases of their itinerant politicians. In particular, it must be mentioned that the Americans have shown (perhaps understandably) a dog-in-the-manger spirit about atomic secrets; that the French have allowed their imperialistic folly in Algeria to take precedence over all other obligations; that the Germans, having been heavily bribed to join the alliance, have failed to fulfil their side of the bargain; and that the British Government has given way to the electoral lure of one-sided disarmament. It is now obvious that there can be no safety for the West unless its Governments and peoples are ready to face a long-drawn-out process of self-denial and austerity. As yet there is no evidence that they have abandoned the domestic game of cut-throat party warfare in order to concentrate on the sterner reality of competitive co-existence in the world at large.

"Leak" Inquiry

AFTER an incredible campaign of mystification the Government has at length been forced to set up a judicial inquiry into the alleged leak of Bank rate secrets in September. There must never be any shadow of suspicion about the purity of financial administration, and from an early stage in this business it should have been obvious to the Prime Minister that suspicion would remain unless and until the facts of the case were independently investigated. The prolonged refusal to allow such investigation, followed by Mr. Thorneycroft's stone-walling in the House of Commons, have exposed the



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L. TO R. MR. H. MACMILLAN, MR. S. LLOYD, PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, MR. DULLES AND M. SPAAK.

Government to a measure of public mistrust which one cannot conceive to have been necessary, and which is certainly most undesirable.

Royal Parties

On November 14 it was announced from the Lord Chamberlain's office that there would be no more Presentation Parties after 1958, but that more Garden Parties would be held, so that the Queen would be able to entertain a wider circle of people who justly qualify for the privilege.

This is a wise and imaginative decision. All honour to the Queen.

Lords Reform—Too Little and Too Late

THE Government's plan for Lords reform would have been inadequate if it had been introduced in 1927; after thirty years of social and political change it is really pitiful. Of course, it is good to know that the scope of life peerages will be widened and that women will be included. But the basic defect in the House remains; no limit has been placed upon the right of hereditary U.K. peers to

claim a Writ of Summons and to act as legislators. That this is the House's basic defect has long been recognized, and there are several good ways in which it could be remedied. The failure of a Tory Government to tackle this problem is an act of negligence which history will not lightly forgive.

The arguments for inaction are almost too futile to be worth mentioning, but a word must be said about the blatantly specious point that a major constitutional reform should not be put through without general agreement. Whether agreement among the peers is meant, or agreement between parties, the answer is that reforms of this kind have always been controversial, and always will be. If Asquith and Co. had felt as inhibited in 1910 as Macmillan and Co. pretend to feel now, the House of Lords would still have an absolute veto over legislation; or rather, it would have been abolished long ago.

Christmas

WE wish our readers a very happy Christmas—and a careful reading of Mervyn Stockwood's article on the Church of England, which we now introduce.

A CHURCH LIVING IN THE PAST

By The REV. MERVYN STOCKWOOD

WHEN the Archbishop of Canterbury recently dedicated the new chapel of the London College of Divinity he told the students that the Church of England was in extraordinarily good heart. It was running away from nothing, and was slowly and steadily solving every difficult piece of work presented to it. On the day I read this report I met the dean of a Cambridge college who had just returned with a party of undergraduates from visiting a housing estate in the North of England, where they had made a survey of its 7,000 inhabitants; they had found precisely twelve people who were actively associated with a branch of the Christian Church.

Where lies the truth? I have no doubt that Dr. Fisher can support his contention with chapter and verse; in fact, I can supply some of the evidence. Church attendances, confirmation candidates and collections are increasing; there is a more constructive approach to the problems of denominational divisions; there has been an overhaul, long overdue, of the administrative machine; the financial situation, though still serious, has improved; there is an attempt to revise the laws and liturgy of the Church; the "Highs," "Lows" and "Broads" have forsaken slanging-matches for fruitful co-operation; the clergy know more about theology and worship; the laity are better disciplined. And much else.

But, without belittling anything that has been done, it is a mere scratching of the surface. The fact remains that the Church, for the majority, is an irrelevant institution. At present I work in a university. The college chapels attract large congregations. A recent opinion poll alleges that more than half the undergraduates have religious affiliations. And I believe it. Returning to Cambridge after an absence of a quarter of a century, I marvel at the change and thank God for it. But, although the religious renaissance at the older universities may spread, it would be idle to pretend that the Established Church is making much impact upon the general public.

And here I am in a difficulty. A clergyman

who criticizes the Establishment is apt to be told by his pained superiors that it is disloyal and unwise to denigrate the Church in public, while his contemporaries will accuse him of an insatiable partiality for sour grapes. Before I go further may I say two things? First, the Church of England is to me a mistress who receives both my fury and my love. At times she maddens me to the point of despair, but nothing would make me leave her. What little I know of God she has taught me; and the priesthood I received at her hands is my most cherished possession. Second, so far from envying the occupants of the episcopal bench, I sympathize with them. To be vicar of a University Church in a place that is enthusiastically responsive is to hold a position as agreeable as it is exciting. In fact, so far as my own personal affairs and inclinations are concerned, I am a lucky and contented man. Such criticisms as I make, therefore, are caused neither by a lack of affection for the Church nor by any sense of personal grievance.

For nineteen years I worked in the east end of Bristol which was as good a place as any to assess the influence of the Church. We ranged from the slum-dwellers to the skilled craftsmen. In the 1930's poverty and unemployment were rife, but, with the war, the position improved. To-day the people are better educated and better dressed; and, although there is little luxury, the economic conditions are adequate.

Conscious gratitude is not a human characteristic, but if any organization is held to be responsible for the benefits of the change it is thought to be the Labour Party, certainly not the Church. In fact, the latter was looked upon as a Tory pawn which, no matter what the platitudes, was guaranteed to support the policies of "the other side." To-day the attitude of the working class has changed; instead of attacking the Church, they ignore it. "When we needed your help, you looked away; now we have learnt to do without you." The Church for its part is more bewildered than annoyed. It considers itself to be impartial and non-political, and it rightly

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

points to its humanitarian record. What it fails to understand is that its outlook and ethos are middle-class; its instinctive reactions *bourgeois*; its values, judgments, reactions, prejudices and preferences Right, not Left.

To give some illustrations: When I came to Cambridge I was elected to the City Council in the Labour interest. I received a score of angry letters, telling me that a clergyman ought not to be involved in politics. I am sure my correspondents honestly thought themselves to be impartial. But they had overlooked one point: two priests had been on the Council for several years, but were, of course, not of the Socialist persuasion. Their presence in the city forum had not caused a ripple; it was taken for granted and generally approved. In fact, a Churchman is only guilty of playing politics if he happens to identify himself with the views of that half of the country that votes Labour and rarely goes to Church. The views of the other half are not political, but straightforward Christian common sense.

Again, I am involved in arranging a course of lectures to be held in the University Church next Lent Term, on patterns of social thinking. I have invited, among others, representatives of the three major parties, including Aneurin Bevan. One of my advisers was stupefied: "Surely you are not going to ask that man?" "I am." "I cannot understand you. If you want somebody to speak with authority on public affairs you should have Lord Halifax." My critic was not accusing me of unfairness. He knew that the Conservative outlook was fairly represented in the course; but he was dismayed at the prospect of Mr. Bevan lecturing in the University Church. We argued the point amicably. He eventually admitted, though reluctantly, that Lord Halifax was as committed politically as Mr. Bevan, but he insisted that whereas the former was "balanced and safe," the latter was "a dangerous extremist." And, as always, he finished by saying that he himself was entirely impartial—an impartiality that does not prevent him from identifying himself publicly with the Conservative cause.

I am not suggesting that all clergymen should be Socialists. In fact, I am convinced that the Church, *qua* Church, should remain outside party. Its duty is to proclaim the principles that should govern society and to criticize anything in our communal life that is thought to be contrary to the purposes of God. But having done that, it should en-

courage its members, clergy and laity, to discharge their responsibilities as private citizens in the party of their choice. Unfortunately it seems to be assumed that the party of choice for the decent God-fearing Englishman should not be the Labour Party.

Even so, it is not the known political affiliation of the clergyman that is the main stumbling-block, but the assumption that his general views must be those of the "Establishment." For instance, when I find myself in a discussion that touches on strikes, nationalization, wage demands, the health service, public schools, the Monarchy, it is assumed that, as an officer of the Church of England, I shall support "the sensible view." And, alas, that is also the assumption of the working classes. They don't think it is worth arguing with their parsons, still less trying to enlist their support, because it is taken for granted that they are on "the other side"; or worse still that, even if they privately sympathize, they will take no public action that might antagonize "the other side."

I have emphasized the political difficulties, because religion cannot be divorced from politics, and if we want to see a revived Church we need to ask ourselves basic questions about the sort of society which it must help to create and in which it must function. If we think its task is to provide the cement to maintain the shape of the "Establishment," the Church will never be anything but the appendage of the "respectable" classes, and the workers will continue to regard it as a foreign embassy of doubtful reputation.

If, however, the Church is prepared to proclaim a gospel that will give wholeness to life and bring redemption to society, it must be ready for drastic changes. Here are a few:

(1) The parochial system does not satisfy modern requirements. It was admirably suited for a rural community, but it hardly touches the industrial masses, or even the dormitory suburbs. While there is still a place for the parish church and the parish priest, their place will be of diminishing importance in a relevant strategy.

A primary concern of the Church is evangelism. A priest must always strive to win men to Christ and to build them up within the Christian community. If he is to do this, he must meet them on their own level, understand their patterns of thought, and share their hardships and aspirations. Nothing is less likely to do this than a preparation that is based on a prep. school, a public school, a residential university and a theological col-

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lege. It is useless to blame the parson for not understanding his people; how can he if, from his earliest days, he has never shared their lot? When it was assumed that he should belong to a social élite that was destined to rule the uneducated, such a preparation may have served its purpose; but the assumption is no longer valid. The priest-workman experiment in France has pointed the way. He grows up with the people to whom he is to minister, he shares their work, he identifies himself with their lives. He does not belong to a class apart, for he is one of them.

And I should like to see the experiment taking root in England. Why cannot bishops ordain men at all levels of society and allow them to practise their craft in the places where they earn their daily bread? I am not thinking only of industry. In addition to priest-workers, we need priest-journalists, priest-doctors, priest-lawyers, priest-employers. The Communists are wiser than we are. They have their district officers, the equivalent of the parish priest, but their main propaganda depends upon the Communist-workers, the men who are doing ordinary jobs inside the factory. They create the Communist cells around them and graft recruits into the Communist movement. Of course such a strategical change would give rise to administrative and ecclesiastical difficulties, but we need to realize that if the Spirit is to operate, it will not confine itself to an antiquated straight-jacket. The point is, are we prepared for the eruption of creative groups in industry, and the professions—bands of Christians led by authorized priests under the supervision of a bishop, but free to make their impact upon their own particular situations?

(2) If such a strategy is to be operated we shall require bishops with qualifications different from those that are prized to-day. No useful purpose would be served by criticizing the existing episcopal bench, and I should find it impossible, as I have received nothing but kindness from my superiors, and many of them I am privileged to reckon as friends. But the fact remains that the sort of man who is considered suitable to maintain the Establishment is unlikely to be an imaginative leader, prepared to take risks and to be led by the Spirit in untried ways. I say, I hope without a shred of uncharitableness, that our Fathers-in-God are as bewildered by 20th-century England as they would be if they were to find themselves transplanted into the shoes of the first Apostles.

(3) I am not an enthusiast for disestab-

NEXT MONTH

Chinese Portrait Gallery
Desmond Donnelly, M.P.



Review of Scandinavia:
Scandinavian Monarchy by

John Haycraft

Scandinavian Culture
Stella Ziliacus

Scandinavian World
Relations
G. Heckscher



Air Chief Marshal
Sir William Elliot
will write on Sir John
Kennedy's war memoirs

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

lishment. All the provinces of the Anglican communion, with the exception of Canterbury and York, are disestablished and there is nothing to suggest that they dealing more adequately with the problems. Moreover, I value the connection between Church and State because, in theory, it implies that the Church is not a pietistic club, but the spiritual rock upon which our national life is based. And I am prepared for Parliament to be the court of appeal, because history proves that the democratic processes of Parliament are a safeguard against the excesses of ecclesiasticism. But there must be a radical change in the composition and methods of Convocation. Only those who have been proctors can appreciate the appalling archaism of its fatuous procedure. Not only is it undemocratic in that many of its members are *ex officio*, but its management of business would not be tolerated by an enlightened urban district council.

The Church requires a modern legislative assembly consisting of clergy and laity, all of whom must be elected. It is useless to pretend that the present Church Assembly meets the need because it has no power to legislate on matters that are reserved for Convocation; and it contains too many non-elected dignitaries; its lay members tend to be drawn from that small section of society that has the leisure to attend its meetings. Convocation should hastily write its own obituary notice, and Church Assembly should be drastically reconstituted.

(4) The Church must be prepared for experiments in her services. I have been reared on the Book of Common Prayer. It is part of my life. I say Matins and Evensong every day, and I cannot conceive of a nobler and more deeply satisfying act of worship than Cranmer's incomparably lovely Communion. But I have only to go to a football match, a city council meeting or a university lecture, to realize that my reactions are those of a tiny minority.

It is true that the Church of England has set up a liturgical commission and I am privileged to serve upon it. But, typical of the Church of England, we never consult "the customers." We are not within a million miles of appreciating the needs of the man in the pew, and as for the man who is not yet in the pew we are as near to him as a satellite is to the earth.

What do I want? Some years ago several railwaymen in my Bristol parish were on an unofficial strike. I was anxious they should

understand the implications of their actions, so we gathered around the kitchen table in one of their houses and ate the broken bread and drank from the common cup. In this context they appreciated, so they told me, something of the Holy Communion, and of its relevance to a holy community. It is certain they would have appreciated neither had they been present at the set service in the parish church.

But it will be a big battle. At the University Church I usually read the Bible in a modern translation, and I permit only a small selection of the psalms for use on Sundays. A critic told me he would prefer the Epistle to the Romans to be read in the authorized version, even though nobody understood it, and as for the psalms he would not permit the slightest deviation from those appointed for the day, no matter how bored the congregation might be. Parsons who adopt such an attitude deserve no mercy. If their pews are empty it is their own fault; if they plead poverty, their salaries are already higher than they merit. In any other profession they would be sacked for sheer incompetence and stupidity.

I know the jibes of "popularity-mongering" and "vulgar emotional stunts"; in fact, an act of worship that sets out to meet the realities of life demands everything a man has to give, and is infinitely more exacting than a parrot repetition of a meaningless rigmarole.

(5) The Church must take more seriously the facts of our denominational divisions. It is true that the position has improved considerably, but we still fail to realize that schism, which is a luxury in England, is a menace overseas. Of course, there are difficult theological and doctrinal problems to be overcome, and they can be overcome, as they have been in South India, if there is a sense of divine urgency. And what is a luxury for us cannot remain a luxury much longer. The stark stupidity of our competing buildings, our wasted manpower, our squandered finances can afford pleasure only to the bigots and to the enemies of the Christian faith. Our willingness to co-operate with Christians of other persuasions is a test of the validity of our Christian experience.

(6) The Church must come to grips with contemporary intellectual problems. I have no wish to abolish the Creeds, still less to throw orthodoxy to the winds; and I know the danger of pandering to the dictator of the latest brand of "New Thought." But that does not release the Church from the responsibility of trying to understand the thought-

A CHURCH LIVING IN THE PAST

patterns of the present age, and of communicating the Faith in a context that is meaningful. For instance, the Baptism service is an affront to many thoughtful people. It is based on the doctrine of the Fall and Original Sin. That human beings arrive in this world with a strong bias towards egocentricity nobody would deny; but to assume that human beings have ever been different is a hypothesis for which there is not a shred of evidence. It may have been possible for our grandparents to believe that Adam fell from a state of pristine perfection and in doing so brought misery, sin and discord into the world; but for us to teach it displays either an unbelievable gullibility rooted in mental schizophrenia, or a sheer lack of intellectual integrity.

We do not have to agree with everything that is written by the continental advocates of de-mythology, but we can certainly learn from them, and ask ourselves basic questions about the nature of religious belief. To say "I believe that Jesus suffered under Pontius Pilate" is a different sort of statement from "I believe that he ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God." The first is a time-space occurrence, the second is not; and the belief-values associated with the first belong to a different category from those associated with the second.

It is perilous for Churchmen to assume that the tension between the religious and the scientific approach to life has been resolved.

There is more humility on both sides with the result that a cold war has given place to co-existence. But a Christian, if he cares for truth, cannot be content with co-existence.

(7) The Church must realize—and this perhaps is the most difficult lesson it has to learn—that it is not an end in itself, but a means to an end. God created the Church to be instrument of His Kingdom. And the worth of an individual church is not to be assessed by communicant statistics, but by the impact it makes on the life of the community. The marching orders for the Church of England are as simple as they are terrifying—to bring England, its people, its politics and its institutions, under the sovereignty of God. Of course we must worship; of course we must come to terms with God in a supreme encounter with Christ as Saviour and Lord of the individual heart; of course we must feed on Him in the breaking of bread in the sacrament of His Body and Blood—these are the basic rations for the Christian life. But rations are meant to nourish us for a life of imaginative and creative service. The cry goes up for leadership. Yes, but not for the leadership of a super-man or a super-class, but the leadership of saints and servants. It is the function of the Church of England to produce the saints and servants, to permeate every department of our national life and to maintain its fabric. Only so will England be great.

MERVYN STOCKWOOD.

A TORY LOOKS AT HIS PARTY

By PETER KIRK, M.P.

LAST month Taper issued what amounted to a challenge. "Much could be done," he said, "by the Tory abolitionists. . . . It may well be that in this group there lies the seed of salvation for our Parliamentary system." This is strong stuff. It is also, I think, rather beside the mark, because the Tory abolitionists are not, as I will later show,

a coherent group for general political action. They were a scratch collection of people who happened to agree on one particular issue.

But the challenge remains, and I am very conscious that Tory M.P.s—or any M.P.s, for that matter—have not been making as good a showing recently as the country has a right to expect. They have not perhaps been fully

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mindful of those principles which have enabled the Tory Party to survive as a potent force in the 19th and 20th centuries. In this article I will try to indicate what in my view those principles are, and in what respects they have been—consciously or un-consciously—betrayed.

For a Conservative looking at his Party, the task of analysis is very hard. The history and composition of the Tory Party are not at all clear-cut; and its principles, although they undoubtedly exist, are often and easily obscured. Nevertheless, I think we can see, in the Conservative Party—and by this I mean the Party which emerged from the Reform Bill crisis under the leadership of Peel—a pattern which enshrines much that is good and great in British achievement.

Of course, in the broad context of the two-party system, any party is bound to be a complicated affair. Each party is bound, of its very nature, to be a coalition. If it were not so, then this country would speedily be reduced to a condition similar to that of France, where there is a political party for virtually every shade of political belief. This arrangement, though more representative than ours, clearly does not lead to stability of government.

Instead, we have two distinct parties—one of the Right and one of the Left. It has been suggested, however, that as a result of this we have in fact created a third force, at the point where the two parties, covering as they do all the points of the political spectrum except the extremes, merge in the centre. Here, it is said, there must be common ground, and to this has been given the name of Butskellism.

It is my belief that Butskellism has never been more than a myth. The common ground which undoubtedly exists in the two parties is not a merger of the centre forces of the parties, but the basic common ground which must exist if the government of the State is to be carried on in an orderly fashion; and that, while there may be in the Labour Party a consistent Right-wing element, no such consistent Left-wing exists in the Conservative Party.

The popular Press is always trying to divide the Conservative Party up into wings. This is inevitable in a Society which always tends towards the simplification of ideas. But such divisions must fail, as a man in the Conservative Party who is Left in one respect will almost unfailingly move to the Right in another, and though there may well be many who are consistently in the centre of the Party,

and even a few who are consistently on the Right, there are none who can be found consistently on the Left. If they are, they are almost certainly in the wrong party.

Just take a look at recent political history. The Party has been divided by the Press into Right and Left wings on four major issues, in the present Parliament—hanging, Suez, rents and shops. Lists were drawn up of Right- and Left-wing M.P.s. None of these lists was identical with any other. It is amazing, for instance, how many of those who were pronounced to be on the Left over hanging—Lord Hinchingbrooke, Mr. Angus Maude, Mr. Julian Amery, and Mr. John Biggs-Davison, for example—were with equal certainty declared to be on the Right a few months later when the Suez crisis broke. None of those who formed the Left wing over the Rent Bill, and jockeyed the Government into concessions which it was unwise, in my judgment, to make, figured in either of the earlier Left-wing lists. And though there were very few Conservatives prepared to see the Shops Bill go any further, those who were seem to have been a completely different lot from the earlier Left-wingers.

It is this absence of consistency and overflowing of individuality which has made the Conservative Party so difficult to assess. Inevitably, it has become something of an enigma, and it suffers greatly from popular legend unrelated to contemporary, or even to historical, fact. There is the legend, for instance, of implacable hostility to the working class; heartrending pictures of the martyrs of Tolpuddle and Tonypandy—which overlook the fact that neither of the martyrdoms in question took place under a Conservative Administration—and no mention whatsoever of the repeal of the Truck Acts! In fact, the trade unions owe a great deal to the Conservative Party, and had it not been for the failure of the Balfour Government to take the necessary Government action after the Taff Vale judgment the close link between the T.U.C. and the Labour Party might never have developed, to the great benefit, not only of the country, but of trade unionists themselves. The legend that the Tory Party is opposed to social reform is another which dies very hard and which ignores a truly remarkable record maintained, with only occasional intermissions, from Peel through Disraeli, to the present day. Finally, there is the strongest charge of all—that of imperialism.

The difficulty here is that the word has taken on a double meaning. It comprises both what

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is known as "gunboat diplomacy" and what is known as "colonialism"—two very different things. It is fair to claim that the first has never been a facet of Conservative thinking. The original propagator of this form of foreign policy was the Whig-Liberal, Palmerston, and even Gladstone, critical though he was of Palmerston's methods, was himself responsible for one of the most striking examples of it—the bombardment of Alexandria. The hankering for it came into the Tory Party through the Liberal influx after the split over Home Rule in 1885. Joseph Chamberlain, the Radical, preached it; Salisbury, the Tory, opposed it. In later years, the accusation against the Conservatives was not that they were too belligerent, but that they were not belligerent enough. Hence Munich.

It was this, perhaps, which made the Suez affair all the more extraordinary. Not only was it against all the traditions of the Conservative Party as a whole, but, as I shall show later on, it was against its principles as well. It can only be explained as the outcome of an exaggerated guilt complex over Munich. But this does not excuse it.

To a record of colonialism, however, the Party can admit with little sense of shame. The Party does believe that, in the past, it has been the duty of Britain to guide other nations towards full and democratic self-government, with civilized standards, and so long as the domination of other races has been exercised with that end in view, it has not been blameworthy. Disraeli's proclamation of the Indian Empire cannot be viewed in isolation; it must be viewed together with the Baldwin-Templewood Government of India Act, a great measure of colonialism, which but for the vehement opposition of Churchill (which undermined Indian confidence in the Conservative Party) might well have enabled us to hand over power peacefully to a united India, instead of giving way to the shambles which resulted in 1947.

What are the principles of the party? They are set out in the document which transformed the Tory Party of the squires into the Conservative Party of the middle-class—the Tamworth Manifesto.

Many people have heard of the Tamworth Manifesto; even now, Tory candidates give it an approving nod from time to time. Hardly anyone has read it. Indeed copies are almost impossible to obtain, and I am grateful to the Library staff of the House of Commons for having tracked one down for me. It is, in fact, an election address, sent by



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Barratt's.

Peel to his constituents in Tamworth in December 1834 when he had become Prime Minister for the first time. Peel was mainly concerned with justifying to the electors of Tamworth his decision to accept office under a Constitutional settlement—the Great Reform Act of 1832—which he had fought so bitterly, and to this end he put himself two questions which, he said, might well be asked—"whether he will maintain the [Reform] Bill itself, and, secondly, whether he will act upon the spirit in which it was conceived." He answered as follows:

I consider the Reform Bill a final and irrevocable settlement of a great Constitutional problem—a settlement which no friend to the peace and welfare of this country would attempt to disturb, either by direct or insidious means.

Then, as the spirit of the Reform Bill and the willingness to adopt and enforce it as a rule of Government; if, by adopting the Reform Bill, it be meant that we are to live in a perpetual vortex of agitation; that public men can only support themselves in public estimation by adopting every popular impression of the day—by promising the instant redress of anything which anybody may call an abuse—by abandoning altogether that great aid of Government—more powerful than law or reason—the respect for ancient rights and the deference to prescriptive authority; if this be the spirit of the Reform Bill, I will not undertake to adopt it. But if the spirit of the Reform Bill merely implies a care-

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ful review of institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, undertaken in a friendly temper, combining with firm maintenance of established right, the correction of proved abuses and the redress of real grievances—in that case, I can for myself and my colleagues undertake to act in such a spirit and with such intentions.

He ended with a magnificent passage which shows that the art of political cliché flourished as verdantly then as it does now.

Our object will be—the maintenance of peace—the scrupulous and honourable fulfilment, without reference to their original policy, of all existing engagements with foreign powers—the support of public credit—the enforcement of strict economy—and the just and impartial consideration of what is due to all interests—agriculture, manufacturing, and commercial.

Mutatis mutandis, all this will do perfectly well for to-day. They were good principles then, and they are still good now. The only trouble is that we pay so little heed to them. The Bournemouth Conservative Association, for instance, which no doubt regards itself as the Keeper of the Ark of the Covenant and Mr. Nigel Nicolson as a Philistine, would do well to look at that bit about "public men" supporting themselves in "public estimation." Suez was a clear breach of our Party principles. Not only was it an attempt to put the clock back by force of arms, something against which Peel specifically warned; it also hardly came under the heading of "scrupulous and honourable fulfilment, without reference to their original policy, of all existing engagements with foreign powers."

On the other hand, it is surprising how much of the present-day Conservative legislation and action is still guided by this century-old document. "The support of public credit"—it may have taken the present Government a bit of time to get around to it, but the Chancellor's latest actions are undoubtedly directed to that end. He should not forget the corollary—"the enforcement of strict economy." The Rent Act is clearly "combining with firm maintenance of established rights, the correction of proved abuses and the redress of real grievances," and, if properly explained, will be seen in that light. So long as we are true to our principles we have nothing to fear.

During the years of Labour Government, the Party adapted itself to the post-war world. It did so brilliantly, under the guidance of Mr. Butler and many of his colleagues. But somehow, when we came to power, we forgot the work of those years. A lot of the plans we

drew up then have been pigeonholed and forgotten; perhaps it is not too late to revive them. The Industrial Charter, for instance, rallied a great deal of support to the Party, and we promised to implement it by legislation. Had we done so, it is possible that we might have obtained the co-operation of the trade unions at a time when it was greatly needed, and not found ourselves in a position where the trade unions have declared open war upon the Government. In the same way, when in Opposition, the Party was one of the main champions of European unity; once in power, we not only failed to implement our proposals, but in at least one case—that of E.D.C.—we actually undermined and destroyed a plan which we ourselves had thought up. Only after five years of Government did we take the first tentative steps towards an integrated Europe, but by then the price was higher, because Europe had discovered that she could get on very well without us.

It may well be that we now need a period in which to rethink our position. I do not believe myself that a spell in Opposition is necessary for this, but at some stage, whether in or out of office, we must solve the vital problem of our time—how to provide incentive in a security State.

Finally, a word about personnel. I am not one of those who foam at the mouth when the name "Eton" is mentioned, but at the moment one of the drawbacks of the Conservative Party is that it presents to the world, rightly or wrongly, the impression of being an Old Etonian—or old public school—club. If we are to succeed in our mission, we must prove that we are a "national" and not a "class" party. The Parliamentary Party is, so to speak, the shop-window; it should represent faithfully those elements in the community from which our strength is drawn. It is fantastic that, out of some 340 Tory Members, only one is a trade unionist. Much of the responsibility for this must rest upon the constituency associations, which still seem to represent a very limited section of the community. The Party must broaden itself from the bottom up, and in order to do this it must give those at the bottom a greater feeling of sharing in a great enterprise. The Party Conference, for instance, must become less of a rally and more of a deliberative assembly, where the views of delegates really count. It is impossible for it to do this while it retains its present unwieldy size, and though its decisions would not be binding on the leadership, it might not be a bad idea if the Leader

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was there for the whole Conference, if only to hear what was said.

No harm is ever done by discussion; the danger comes when vital matters are not discussed. I believe passionately that this country needs a strong Conservative Party to counteract the threat of the egalitarian Socialist State. Much more than the future

of the Conservative Party is at stake. But the Party—and the country—will suffer unless we are prepared to take a long, hard look at ourselves from time to time, to see where we are going. Otherwise we shall end up by going nowhere at all.

PETER KIRK.

THE TORY PARTY FROM THE OUTSIDE

By ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN, M.P.

IN his famous speech on the post-war rebuilding of the Commons Chamber Mr. Churchill brilliantly stated the case for the traditional floor plan. In defending the tiers of benches facing inwards across a central gangway, he reminded a receptive House, that the physical structure of an assembly greatly contributed to its atmosphere and character.

Of course he was absolutely right. The stability of the party system itself might be said to rest on this arrangement. Day after day an M.P., sitting in the House, is condemned to watch his opponents. When the debate is dull he can study them at leisure. When the tension rises he watches them more closely. And in the heat of parliamentary battle the benches opposite exert a positively hypnotic fascination. Most of those noisy scenes that are supposed to bring the Commons into disrepute, are caused more by the interaction of mutual cheering and counter cheering by back benchers, than by deliberate provocation.

By contrast a Member hardly ever sees his colleagues at all. The backs of the heads that line the bench in front of him, and the noise of the Members who sit behind him, offer a poor guide to party feeling. Even his own leaders speaking from the Dispatch Box are not visible to him except when they turn, half-nervously, in the hope of eliciting a few grunts of approval from their own supporters.

Put simply, even when we do not know what we stand *for*, we usually do know what we stand *against*. This is not at all a bad thing. It is very human and for that reason it may accurately reflect the attitude of the man in the street. But more than that, it is a

genuine expression of the basis of political faith. A man's allegiance to his Party, if he is at all active in politics, derives from the things he wants to cheer about and the things he wants to boo. The issues of a General Election may soon be forgotten; the new policies outdated by events; the great leaders may retire or die; but his allegiance remains. The arrangement of the House of Commons keeps alive that simple loyalty, however blurred the party lines may be.

This has its advantages. The natural hostility that exists between the Parties is never allowed to die away. This is not to defend slanging or bickering. But what an excellent thing it is to keep any fundamental cleavage of view clear for all to see. Most forces at work in the community tend to pull the Parties together. The "Establishment," the leader writers, the Honours List, and personal friendships—not to mention the pressure of events—are all working in that direction. Therefore a bit of hate has its uses. It guarantees to the people of the country an alternative government to which they can turn. If ever the public mood demanded a permanent coalition the outlook would be very grim.

How then does the Conservative Party look from our benches? First of all there is the superficial impression of sameness. By contrast with the Labour Members, scruffy in sports jacket and grey flannels, or well dressed like Sir Hartley Shawcross, Conservatives are almost uniformly smart in white stiff collars and dark well-pressed suits. The Labour Party is far more of a cross-section of the nation. We have greater variety of experience and are more representative of religious

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Tom Blau.

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minorities. We have ninety-seven manual workers; the Tories have one. All this is obvious when you look at the other side. Of course one always imagines one's opponents are a more closely knit group than they really are. Sartorial standards help to maintain this illusion.

The social structure among Tory Members is also extremely interesting to observe. The upper set is wonderfully entrenched. Some abler middle-class Conservatives—like Enoch Powell or Ian Macleod—have gone a long way. But one senses that many Tory M.P.s would prefer to be out of the top drawer and out of office than to be out of the bottom drawer and in office. The importance attached to social position can best be gauged by the fantastic hand-out of knighthoods and baronetcies to M.P.s that takes place twice a year. This can only be explained either by an unhealthy pre-occupation with status, or as the main secret disciplinary weapon of the Chief Whip—or both. One by-product of all this is the apparent ostracism of those Conservative Members who are not socially acceptable, but who thrust themselves forward. Their self-assertiveness upholds a diagnosis of social insecurity. I would think there are some very unhappy Tory M.P.s. Curiously enough, this problem does not exist in the Labour Party. Despite all the recent arguments about "trade unionists versus intellectuals" there is a basic comradeship which ignores social origins.

The third thing one notices is the strong

leadership code in the Tory Party. At moments of crisis it is almost treasonable to question the decision of the Leader. This is the only possible explanation of the façade of support for Sir Anthony Eden in the Suez crisis. It continued after he had lost the confidence of the people, his Party, his Cabinet and even his French allies. A sense of collective loyalty operates most powerfully in the Labour Party too. But its basis is totally different. No one is ever accused of letting his Leader down. The awkward rebel is charged with betraying his cause and his colleagues. But this is not to say that Labour loyalty is weaker.

The relative strength of the *Führer-prinzip* in the Tory Party, and the absence of it in the Labour Party, is in part a reflection of the different approaches to politics. Most active Labour Party members are interested in a Labour Government for what it will do. There is no belief in the divine right of Government. Most Conservatives want a Conservative Government because "that's the way things ought to be." Criticism of Conservative Governments by Conservatives is directed against their failures of leadership. Mr. Butler's new "study-group" Conservatism after the war was a splint that held the Party together while it recovered from its terrible accident at the polls in 1945. But, like a splint, it had no part to play once the bones were joined. The Butler boom which rested on the favourable terms of trade from 1951 to 1955 concealed this real conflict that still exists between the rank and file and the intellectual élite. The intellectuals have found their place in the hierarchy by sheer ability, but their ideas have never seemed to be accepted by the Conservative Party, as a whole, in the country.

The Party nationally presents a somewhat different aspect. It is obvious from the voting figures that it draws its support from every section of the community. But as you move from Tory voters to local Tory associations the social pyramid seems to narrow sharply. Tory activists may find a local nobleman to be their honorary President and may have a few working-class people amongst them. But in the main those who actually run things are the business and professional men and women. Seen from that level, Lord Salisbury and his well-connected friends gathered round the seat of power were not so very attractive. The urge for democratization (used in the American sense) apparently stems from these associations. Probably the *Daily Press* with its campaigns of denigration against all those in authority has played some part in this.

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Indeed the Poujadist tendencies in the Tory Party can all be traced to the frustration of the activists. They have even less in common with Mr. Butler now, than the Bevanites in the constituencies had with Mr. Gaitskell in 1951. For the passion for self-education in the working-class movement has always given it a meeting place with the intellectuals in the Labour leadership. This has no parallel in the Tory Party.

One of the great advantages of being without a consciously formulated political faith and a restless sense of purpose is that a local association is free to get on with the job of vote-gathering. It always seems a lot more efficient than its Labour counterpart. So does Tory Central Office, which sustains a machine far more elaborate than Labour can afford. With a tycoon like Lord Woolton in charge, it offered a formidable threat. I doubt if Lord Hailsham will be so frighteningly efficient.

Part of the efficiency is reflected in a greater consciousness of the need for good publicity. Until a few years ago the Labour Party never gave a moment's thought to this problem. We then believed that if the policy was right it would sell itself. It was impossible for the Party of the people to get out of touch. No Tory has ever nurtured such an absurd illusion. They have always realized that the business of governing—whether you are a duke or a dustman by origin—puts you out of touch automatically. How very right they are. Hence the intense preoccupation with salesmanship.

That, then, is how the Tories look to a Socialist. But what about the future?

Our political system only works when we have certain basic things in common. In November 1956 the Parliamentary machine was strained to breaking point just because of the width of the gulf that divided us.

In this day of the satellite and the H-bomb, domestic problems matter much less. What does matter desperately is that Britain should learn to live usefully and happily in a world she can no longer dominate. The emergence of Asia and Africa and the redistribution of economic and political power are a real challenge to our understanding. Frustration and defeatism are our greatest enemies. If either Party were to play them up the result could be very grave indeed. The only workable alternative to war is an effective United Nations. To achieve this, and to educate public opinion to accept it, will be a desperately difficult task unless it is accepted by both Parties.

A few Conservatives understand all this, but they represent a tiny fraction of the Party and are apparently without influence in the local associations. The only hope would seem to be a new leadership devoting itself to the task of bringing Tory thinking on world affairs up to date. So far there is no sign of it. Meanwhile, the Conservative Party—still imprisoned by Suez—remains incapable of giving intelligent guidance to Britain or the world.

ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN.

THE WEST REACTS

By DENYS SMITH

DURING the past five years Eisenhower has been given the credit when things went well and his advisers have received the blame when things went badly. Now the golfing President is definitely in the rough. The criticism directed against him personally is unprecedented in his public career. There are some domestic reasons for this. The use of Federal troops at Little Rock, however necessary or justified, drained away the President's popularity and influence in the South. The behaviour of the stock market, and the curious belief that people had a right to expect the Government to protect speculative

profits, has led to criticism of the Government's economic policies. But the chief cause for criticism was the Kremlin's success in launching the first earth satellite and apparently developing an intercontinental missile before the United States. The President might remark, no doubt truthfully, that the value of any missile depended upon how near it came to its target and nobody knew how accurate the Russian ICBM might be. But though it might have fallen short of its military target, it certainly hit one target at which it was aimed—American and foreign public opinion. It created a widespread feeling

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abroad that the United States was not such a safe and reliable ally. At home it led to the belief that the nation's affairs had not been managed nearly so vigorously, efficiently or far-sightedly as they should have been.

The President himself has borne witness to the fact that this feeling existed. He has decided to deliver a series of talks intended to reassure the country about its defences, its scientific progress and its basic economic strength. There is "a crisis of confidence" and the President is throwing his strongest weapon into the struggle to restore confidence —his own personality. He is adopting the method used so successfully by Roosevelt, who called his informal person-to-person talks over the radio "fireside chats" to convey the impression that he was entering into everybody's home. The advantage of this technique over the Press conference is that the President himself can determine what he says and give it some thought. At Press conferences the subjects are determined by the Press and quick answers to critical questions often put the President in a defensive light.

Macmillan's visit fitted in neatly with the objective of restoring confidence both in the United States and abroad. With Khrushchev flexing his missiles, and Sputnik circling overhead, allies seemed all the more desirable to Washington, while the free world needed the assurance that America was conscious of the value of its allies. There were other reasons why this visit should have been more successful than the Bermuda meeting in restoring something of the old spirit to Anglo-American relationship. If Russia's political and scientific successes had emphasized the need, the visit of the Queen had improved the public mood. Moreover, Suez was still further away; Dulles and Lloyd are now addressing one another as Foster and Selwyn. It was in a toast to the Queen that the President first called for closer co-operation within the NATO Alliance. This theme was developed during the Macmillan visit. What is envisaged is not quite the same as the old "special relationship," nor will it be quite the same as the old war-time partnership which was run on a very personal basis by Roosevelt and Churchill. But within the NATO Alliance Britain, next to the United States, is recognized as the strongest member with most to contribute to the common pool. Americans learned the hard way, in the course of two world wars, all about the dangers of diplomatic isolation. The Macmillan visit marked, if it did not cause, a new epoch in American

thinking, namely the recognition that there were equal dangers in the isolation of knowledge.

The official communiqué issued at the end of the Macmillan visit appears to have been mainly of American authorship. Its literary merit was not very high. It contained such axiomatic platitudes as the assertion that the assets of the West "in the aggregate are far greater than those of the Communist world." With an eye on Sputnik circling overhead it noted that "despotisms have often been able to produce spectacular monuments," mercifully refraining from a reference to the pyramids which usually has accompanied similar sentiments. It considered that the free world "should possess more knowledge of the total capabilities of security that are in being and in prospect"—which was as much as to admit that the free world had taken a propaganda licking. (Macmillan left amid salvoes of American rockets going off like Chinese crackers on Guy Fawkes Day, which showed that the Americans meant what they said.) Statements that Turkey was covered by NATO commitments and that reunification of Germany should be brought about through free elections were hardly new. There was a bow to greater economic co-operation and a statement that next December's NATO Council meeting would have a "a special character"; whether Eisenhower himself attends will possibly depend upon the state of French politics at the time. The only concrete item was Eisenhower's promise to request a change in the Atomic Energy Act, to remove restrictions on co-operative production of atomic weapons. This depends upon Congress, where suspicion of British security measures is still strong.

It is a pity that discussions between British Prime Ministers and American Presidents are held to require a communiqué at their close. Discussion itself is of value even if it leads to nothing concrete. Communiqués are apt to imply both too much and too little. The joint statement after Eden's visit in February 1956 implied a joint policy on the Middle East and was followed by the division over Suez. It promised an American review of the China trade lists and in the event Britain had to "go it alone" and adopt a more liberal trade policy over American objections. It is to be hoped that the recent joint statement means more and not less than it says. The mid-December meeting of the NATO Council will show whether this hope is well-founded.

DENYS SMITH.

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TWO MEN WITH A WARDLE COMPLEX

By JOHN VERNEY

1. Dirty Old . . .

TAKE a bottle of ginger wine, add half a bottle of Wincarnis and some of those little samples of liqueurs your auntie sent, fill up to the required amount with Coco-cola and serve hot. . . . The spirit of conviviality is abroad again and for one like myself who finds it irresistible, the problem is whether to drown the goodwill surging up in my breast at my own hearth or at someone else's.

For Christmas, if it does nothing more, at least forces everyone to face the question whether he is essentially a host or a guest figure, an entertainer or an entertainee, a Mr. Wardle or a Soapy Sponge. Both rôles of course are honourable, but you must plump firmly for one or the other well in advance and in this, alas, as in so much else, there seems to be no real place for a wishy-washy Liberal, or as it is also called, Dutch compromise. If you're neither at the giving nor the receiving end of the mulled claret you won't get any at all, as the old Chinese proverb runs.

Personally, and let this discourage no one from giving me a dinner, I am one of Nature's Wardles.

Why this should be I can't tell. Just vanity, perhaps; or because if there has to be mulled claret I like to know what's in it. But certainly the idea of myself in the rôle of Wardle is so congenial, and so vivid to my imagination, that at Christmas time I often wonder whether I may not be his reincarnation. Without the smallest effort I can picture myself the focal figure in one of those jolly parties in the tenants' hall.

There I stand, large, bald and cheery, a bit like a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, or if it comes to that the present one, exuding the same sort of sleazy benevolence and roasting my coat tails. One arm encircles the prettiest of my tenants' wives—*droit de seigneur* you know—the other flourishes a tankard of steaming punch in a vague gesture of goodwill at the assembled tenantry, servants, family and poor relations. Nor am I yet so fuddled as to be unconscious of the glow of reciprocated goodwill which, wafted back in my direction from the body of the hall, warms me hardly less from the front than does the yule log from behind.

Perhaps my sole regret, as I stand there on the hearth beaming at my guests, is that owing to ruinous taxation I shall have to raise the rents and cut the wages of all these good honest people on New Year's Day. Happily, however, they know nothing of that as yet.

But I am also, as I see myself, a Democrat, a man wholeheartedly with, if unavoidably not of, his people and I step down for a while to mingle freely among them, pinching a fresh young cheek here, quipping jocularly there. Scraps of gratifying conversation drift upon my attentive ears.

From Gavin the Thatcher, " 'ansome is as wot 'ansome does I sez. In auld squire's day . . . " Um. Nearby in a corner I note that new under-housemaid giggling with the third footman. ". . . an ee's ever sich a lively old gent, 'im with is truss an all, if you know what I mean. Know what 'ee done when 'ee catched me dusting out the grate . . . "

I must warn Mrs. Crumpit to keep an eye on those two or we'll have trouble.

Ah, and there's Mountjoy, my boy at Eton, whispering some flattering aside about me to his elder brother, Fitzhugh, who's up at the House. "I do think the pater's a ripping old sport," I think he said, though I only really caught something in Fitz's reply about "tight as a drum."

Yes, and there's my eldest son, Harry. In the Dragoons. A fine manly fellow and the image of me at that age, they say. What's he up to now, calling for silence? Dear me, he's going to propose my health. Bless his heart. No, on second thoughts, damn it. The dog obviously wants me to settle his debts again. "To the best father a fellow could hope for," he shouts for all to hear and the applause which greets this sentiment rattles the hammer beams.

Toast now follows toast, from the gamekeepers, the bailiff, from my brother Justices . . . until, led by Harry, the whole company bursts spontaneously into "For he's a jolly good fellow," and I must confess that I am deeply moved, deeply moved . . . I would like it to go on for ever.

But at length the good people's emotions are exhausted. So I hold my hand up for silence and, standing there among them all

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on the floor, try to tell them what is in my heart. But it's no use. I am overcome. Warm honest tears stream down my cheeks. "God bless you all," I sob, "God bless you all."

I choke and am revived with punch. The same pretty young tenant's wife assists me across the floor to regain my focal position on the hearth. A sweet, dimpled creature, hardly more than a child; and not a tenant's wife at all, I discover, but in fact one of my own kitchen wenches. Curious I should not have observed her about the house. Top corridor, third door along on the left, I gather. . .

It is time, I begin to feel, for the festivities to close, if I am to be in shape for the hounds to-morrow and I order the large salver to be placed at the door. For it is a tradition at this Christmas party to take a collection for those less fortunate; and it is also a tradition, in which I should be ungracious if I did not concur, for the parish council to vote the proceeds to me afterwards, towards defraying the cost of the entertainment I have so freely provided.

Now, then, as the signal for a general exodus I take my stand by the salver, myself the first to toss a handful of silver coins on to its gleaming surface. I smile benignly on the departing guests, as they curtsey and bow and fumble in their clothing. Indeed, there is perhaps no aspect of the evening which affects me more strongly than the sight of these good honest folk performing this simple voluntary act of Christian charity.

"So glad you were able to come," I say to each in turn when he has performed it, and the inadequacy of the words with which they strive to express their gratitude would almost be painful were it not so touching. A host has his troubles, but at such moments we Wardles reap our reward.

I shout a last greeting after the tenants plumping homewards through the deep snow.

"God bless you all, my good simple people. God bless you all," I cry. Their feet may be frozen, but at least their feelings are warm, I reflect as, in deep grunts and in the good simple dialect of the County, they voice their appreciation.

"Girt dung un, th'ould booger's doon us prarper again . . .," and other such quaint, if scarcely intelligible, phrases float back to me across the black frosty night air.

And now the children are all a-bed, the servants withdrawn, while I, ever the last to lay down the burden of the day, check that the lights are out, the doors barred and the nightwatchman sober, before I, too, allow my thoughts to yield to the demands of nature. And oh! good old pre-incipent of my spirit, if I may so apostrophize you, how well have you merited your rest this night! And, dear me, how especially vivid is the scene—or can it be memory?—which now follows!

Holding a candle, I softly mount the great holly-festooned stair. Arrived at the door to my room I pause for a moment and sigh, thinking, it may be, of my departed wife, victim of childbirth and the palsy. But I do

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not enter. No, I continue past the door, down the passage among the ancestors and eerie shadows, until I reach a further and narrower stair up which, with an agility astounding for one of my years, I tiptoe. There, on the threshold of the attic corridor, I pause again, breathing rather heavily now. The soft candlelight illuminates with a ruddy glow my Chancellor of the Exchequer face and discloses a mysterious, almost a mischievous, smile playing round the corners of my full sensual lips—lips which appear to murmur. Let us hark to what it can be that the full sensual lips of my spirit's good old pre-embryo are murmuring.

"Top corridor, third door along on the left . . ."

II. Angry Young . . .

In a sense the day began at 00.30 hours when the last stocking was packed and delivered. After that we slept a bit till 04.30 hours when Stuart—he's our second eldest, home over Christmas from Mr. Lyward—came into our room, a Weight hanging out of his mouth as per usual. "Here, something's wrong with this flipping gadget you put in my stocking," he shouted. A bit inconsiderate is Stuart at times, but he's the genius of the family, so we make allowances. After that, of course, the whole boiling started to drift in, each wanting what the others had got and grumbling like hell because Santa Claus hadn't given half what had been indented for anyway. About 07.30 hours Maureen (that's my far-from-departed wife) and I slunk off to the kitchen for a cuppa, leaving the kids to express themselves freely with their crayons and chemistry sets on our bed and the new House and Garden colour scheme carpet and wallpaper. Our spirits rose when the gas flame roared cheerily under the kettle, and sunk again when it went out. I remembered I'd given all the spare shillings to the cat's-meat man for a Christmas box.

"Never mind old girl," I said to Maureen, "I'll nip in and get some change at the station after breakfast."

But Maureen was a bit on edge. I guess we both were.

"There ain't going to be no breakfast," she shouted and swiped me across the face with a raw kipper.

She's a big girl is Maureen. She can give it. And she can take it. This time she took it. For if there's one thing makes me mad it's a raw kipper across the face before breakfast.

But I hadn't kicked her in the stomach more than a dozen times when the postman called. I didn't give the lousy parasitic bastard a box this year, so he just chucked the Christmas morning mail into the swill bucket and pushed off with a snarl.

And God what a mail! Nothing but a card from the County to say Ken and Iris had failed eleven plus and an air letter from Kingsley. He's our eldest, doing his National Service in the Dragoons in Germany. Got a cushy job as batman to a Brigadier, so we'd hoped he might be home for the festivities, but King said nothing about that in the letter, just that he'd a spot of trouble with a girl in Dusseldorf. He'd heard about my play being put on at the Arts, so I must be in the money and would I please, underlined, send fifty quid in notes, urgent, underlined. Typical of King, to say please. He's got beautiful manners, we think, and I expect that's what the girl in Dusseldorf thought too.

It must have been about then I remembered the Roper-Bassetts. I'd meant to tell Maureen the day before, only the business with the stockings and trying to finish an article for the *National and English Review* put it out of my head.

"Look Maure," I now said, "Don't let's start nothing again, but I forgot to say I ran into Sir What's-it and Lady Roper-Bassett yesterday when I was buying the bottle of ginger wine at that progressive grocer."

"What of it?" she said, all bristling and on guard.

"Well, you see, later on I ran into them again at the show on at the Art School and we got talking and, well, they said they had so much enjoyed my book about me and Wittgenstein . . ."

"Ha," she said, and I could tell she was boiling up again. "So then, I suppose, you put on that Wardle act of yours and said, 'Why not come round and have a drink with us on Christmas Day?'"

"Well, yes, as a matter of a fact I did. Now look, Maure," I said, dodging another kipper, "I know they're not really our sort of people, but don't you think we're perhaps being a little sort of provincial, a little sort of narrow? I mean . . ."

But Maureen had begun to scream. "I ask you, on Christmas Day of all days! For Chris-sake, this is just bloody well the last bloody straw . . ."

"Now easy on, Maure, easy on," I said, calming her down with a left. "Live and let live, you know. Season of stuffed cheer and



roast fanny. Besides I really did kind of take to the Roper-Bassetts this time."

"Her, I'll bet. You always fall for the tweedy sort."

"No, nothing of that, honest. It's just, well I kind of feel sorry for baskets like them, living up in that great gloomy Hall of theirs with their good works and with that desperately refined only kid and with crowds tramping all over the place through the summer and being so out of touch with things as they really are to-day, and with people who really are to-day, people like us, Maureen. They're sort of washed up I reckon, got into the wrong age. And you should have seen how grateful they were to be asked. 'Well, that really is extremely civil of you my dear chap,' he said, like something out of pre-Muggeridge *Punch*. 'And of your lady.' He meant you, Maure. 'The trouble is I have a few friends staying,' "

"Go on, go on," Maureen said, from where I had her safely pinned by now on the floor. "Bring them along too, I suppose."

"Well, yes, Maure. Only it's better than you realize. You see these friends of Sir What's-it happen to be big literary nobs, people I've been wanting to meet all my life. Try and understand that, Maure, instead of trying to bite my ankle."

"And what makes you suppose any of them want to meet you?" she sneered, getting her teeth into my thigh.

"But they do, Maure, Sir What's-it said so himself. That's why it's such a piece of luck.

"Raymond and Cyril were discussing your work only last night after din-nah," he said.

"In fact, I'd been intending to give you a ring to see if you and your lady could come round for a drink!" I explained about all our kids and about never being able to go out of the house anyway while Stuart's at home, in case. So that's why they're all coming here instead. At six o'clock."

Maureen was calmer by now. I was giving her the Judo grip I learnt in the Army, the one for cutting a man's leg off without anaesthetic. But she wasn't quite round yet.

"We've nothing to offer them to drink."

"Don't you worry about my department. There's the ginger wine and some medicinal port left in the bathroom and I'll nip up and pinch back the coke we put in the stockings, if they have't scoffed it."

"And the living-room looks so *awful*. And that stain Colin made all over the settee." She was crying now, which meant she was weakening. Colin's our youngest, by the way. Affectionately, we call him the slug, because he leaves a trail of slime.

"But that's why they're coming here at all, Maure, don't you understand? To visit a genius in his home. If we put on a show we'd be cheating them. They want to see us as we really are."

"But I don't want to be seen as I really

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am," she sobbed. "Besides I've got nothing to wear."

That was what I was waiting to hear. When Maureen says she's got nothing to wear, it means she's bursting for the guests to roll up.

"Then wear nothing, old girl," I guffawed.

And that struck me as so damn good, I went on guffawing even after I'd let her up and she'd smashed the Kenwood mixer on my skull.

Well, things calmed down and Christmas Day passed as Christmas Days eventually do. On the whole the kids were pretty good, just quietly and systematically breaking their presents up into component parts which is what our kids enjoy most about presents, while Stuart fiddled around with the old tape recorder my publisher gave me instead of royalties on my first novel, in case it would help me to write more, which it hasn't. Stuart has it rigged up to programmes on the radio, when he isn't using it for F.B.I. work. The house is as stiff with Stuart's hidden mikes as a Moscow hotel. Mr. Lyward thinks Stuart might do well in the secret police, but I say he's only marking time for 1984 to come along. Anyway, listening to what others have been saying keeps him quiet, not that in our household anyone cares who hears what he says, because we all say what we think and do what we feel regardless. Perhaps that's why we're all so much alive. Or is it the other way about?

Well, six o'clock came round at length and there on the dot were Sir What's-it and his lady and their pals all peering through the bit of stainedglass missing out of the front door. Seemed about a dozen more of them than I'd reckoned, so while Maureen shovelled the kids and Stuart into the kitchen to look at the telly till we told them to come out, I slipped a couple of extra cokes into the brew and added some more lemonade powder to make it fizz.

"Oh, do all come in, won't you," I heard Maureen say in the Lady Teazle voice she picked up, like the brass ear-rings and dirndl she was wearing, from her rep. days. "Won't you leave your coats and things in here?" she said, leading them into the kids' mess room, which happens also to be the gents, though Iris, who's our dreamy nostalgic one and reads books by lousy old bastards like Jane Austen, insists on referring to it as the schoolroom.

"By the way, that door's the loo," Maureen said. "If you happen to want to know." She had talent that girl, if only she'd had the money. Lady Roper-Bassett said, "It's really too

sweet of you to let us all descend on you like this," and Sir What's-it said, "Isn't it curious that although my family have owned this town for generations I've never been in this part of the High Street before?"

Eventually we all assembled in the living-room. While I got busy handing round the cup, or rather tooth-mug, that cheers, Sir What's-it introduced his literary pals. I didn't catch all their names properly and it was difficult to tell which was which on account of them all using the same words and speaking with the same voice like the critics on the wireless, but they were all very neatly dressed and even more polite in their manner than our Kingsley. And certainly they were all very keen on having a drink, because I've heard they can't afford anything stronger than perry up at the Hall, poor miserable old sods.

"How delish-us," one called Raymond said, or it may have been one called Cyril. And one called Peter, I think, said "How am-using." But another one called Philip something, just said, "What's it in?" with rather a face. So the ever-courteous Sir What's-it quickly said, "Now, now, we mustn't expect our host to divulge his cherished secrets."

"No secret about it," I said, "just mulled claret and champagne. We call it gluewine." And then several all said "Char-ming" together. But I noticed they all kept the mugs half-full in their hands, so that I drank ninety per cent, of the brew myself by the end.

Well, at first they sat around and talked mostly to each other, going on with a conversation they had been having all day, and the day before very likely. But one called Stephen something, turned to me distantly and asked, "I believe you know my friend, Yardley Sackcloth-Vest, don't you?" and I replied, "Sure I remember the lousy old bastard, we were in Camouflage together. In fact, I was his batman for a time."

On the settee Lady R.-B. said to Maureen, "Do you find it awfully difficult to find servants around here?" and Maureen said, "I don't know, I've never looked," so I decided to break the ice and stir things up and make myself felt a bit, as I was the host.

"Well, well," I said loudly, "it certainly is funny to find all you blokes I read every week-end here in my humble home and forgive me if I muddle you up, but there's one thing I've always wanted a chance to ask and that's why, when you're always so rude when you write about outsiders, you're always so gentlemenly about each other?"

Then the one called Philip gave a forced

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sort of laugh and said, "Dog doesn't eat dog, you know. Dog eats rabbit." With a nasty look at me.

Standing with my back to the electric rad, I gave it to them then about my early struggles teaching in the Secondary Modern at Carshalton and how we writers needed to get right away from lousy old bastards like James Joyce and Virginia Woolf and what I felt about myself and Kirkegaard. And I must say they all listened as if they were stuck to their chairs, which some of them probably were anyway, Colin having been through the room just before.

After that things began to supple up at last. I could hear Maureen and Lady R.-B., busy on breast-feeding and Dick-Read, so I sat back and let the others take over and tell their stories about early struggles in Bloomsbury and what Clive once said to Virginia, or was it Logan to Lytton? Then Sir What's-it told us about the time he shot Edward VII and Lady R.-B. said couldn't she just take a peep at the children because she was sure with such parents they must be fascinating, but good old Maureen said, "Not on your bloody life," and Lady R.-B. laughed like anything and said, "My dear, how right you are." And by now Maureen and I found ourselves saying, "How am-using," and "Char-ming," and "Interesting," as if to the manner born. Really there seemed no good reason why we shouldn't all have gone on chinwagging in this pleasant gracious fashion till midnight, if Stuart hadn't poked his head suddenly through the door and said, "For Christ sake, how much longer are we to be stuck out in the kitchen?"

At that they all shrieked in their refined sort of way about "look at the time," and "the cook will have walked out," and "oh, you poor dears, how we have imposed on you, but I can't tell you what a delightful interlude it's been," and I took the males off to fetch their coats from what Iris quaintly calls the schoolroom. Well, I thought it polite to leave them alone there, in case they wanted to wash their hands, as they call it, and went back to chase off the kids if they started to infiltrate.

But there were no more ugly incidents before they pushed off, pleased as anything with us and with themselves, or so we felt, and Maureen and I were feeling pretty pleased with ourselves too by then. As we hustled the kids to bed and tried to mop up a bit where Colin had been, we kept saying, "Well I really think that it went off jolly well," or "They really did seem to enjoy themselves, don't you think?"

And later in bed I said, "You killed them, old girl, just killed them. They couldn't take their eyes off." And Maureen said, "Well, you were damn good yourself. All that stuff you gave them about you and Kropotkin, you'd think they'd never met a genius, at least a real one, before." And I felt she was about right.

Later still she said, "You know, I rather took to that poor miserable old bitch. In fact, I'm taking Colin up to tea there next week." And I said, "There's not so much difference between all those critics and me as I'd expected. We're all sisters under the skin. Raymond, or was it Cyril, asked if I would do something for him sometime about me and Gurdjieff and even that up-stage Stephen hoped I wouldn't be above letting him have a piece for 'Under the Counter,' so long as it was short."

So at last, lulled with that warm glow of satisfaction which perhaps only those who are nature's Wardles experience, we passed into sleep and dreamed of all the nice things those nice Roper-Bassets and their nice friends were possibly at this very minute saying about us.

It was after breakfast next morning when Stuart, with a grin across his face, asked me to listen to a new tape recording. The amplifier gave off shufflings and scrapings and I didn't catch on what it was all about for the first few seconds, until I heard my own voice, the thick lispy one when I'm tight, say, "Just kick the door if you want a wash, it sticks." Then followed scrap after scrap of dialogue, *sotto voce*, but quite distinct like the toilet flushing in the background, though you couldn't tell who was speaking because the voices all seemed to belong to the same person. "My God, what a session . . . egotistical little bore . . . thought we'd never get away . . . much as I would have guessed . . . that drink . . . boot polish and stale gingerbeer . . . try one of these pills quickly . . . sorry for the wife . . . not bad looking if she'd only wash (that's the one which just kills me) . . . For God's sake hurry up there Cyril . . ."

It went on like that for a minute or two. Then you heard the door opening and more shuffling noises and a lot of distant chatter in the hall and the front door opening and Lady R.-B.'s voice quite clearly saying, "Too sweet of you . . ."

And then (this is the bit which just kills Maureen) my voice again, loud and clear: "God bless you all, my good simple people. God bless you all."

JOHN VERNEY.

Books: General

OH! MR. PORTER . . .

By LORD ALTRINCHAM

THE baring of souls, like the baring of bodies, should as a rule take place in private. Spiritual nudism is a dangerous occupation, and one is therefore on one's guard against a book* in which eight people, under the editorship of Mr. Tom Maschler, parade their personal beliefs like competitors in a beauty contest.

But the experiment succeeds. Not only are the contributions of great (though varying) interest in themselves; what is more remarkable is that this book, despite the many differences of attitude and opinion which it contains, somehow manages to leave a composite impression. It is not exactly a manifesto of the "angry young man" movement (always supposing that such a movement exists, which is anyway doubtful). Its contributors are not all young, or angry, or men. They are not even all primarily writers; indeed, the most distinguished piece is by Mr. Lindsay Anderson, whose main business in life is producing films. But the symposium has a certain indefinable coherence; without conveying any particular message it proves, as a whole, that there is both vitality and malaise among the intelligentsia of the post-1940 vintage.

Why the malaise? I would say that many people nowadays are deeply dissatisfied with organized religion and organized politics. This fact emerges very clearly in *Declaration*. The bias of the writers is towards the Left, but there is no enthusiasm for the Labour Party. John Osborne's socialism is a far cry from the power-seeking compromises of Gaitskell, Wilson, Bevan and the rest; it would be described by the worldly-wise as an "emotional spasm." And here is some strong stuff, very much to the point, from Lindsay Anderson:

The old, moral inspiration of radicalism has dribbled away, and its loss has certainly not been made good by Fabian intellectualism. The trade unions are as capable of philistine, narrowly sectional actions as the Tories—*perhaps even more so*. [My italics.] The internationalism of the Left was not strong enough to extend open and unqualified help even to the Hungarian miners; and in place of a forthright appeal to the common sense and con-

science of the nation, the Labour Party descended at the last General Election to a campaign frankly bourgeois and paternalistic in its inspiration: the chintz armchair—the Premier with his Pipe—"You can trust Mr. Attlee!" They deserved to lose.

It is a pity that Mr. Anderson and others like him cannot see that there is more chance of turning the Tory Party into an instrument of dynamic, radical reform than of doing this to a party which is dominated by the trade unions. His analysis is right; but he still believes, deterministically, that the Left stands for Progress, the Right for Reaction. He has yet to recognize the fundamental truth in politics, that parties as such, though necessary, will always be a disappointment to the imaginative. The capacity to look forward, and the willingness to take drastic action, are to be judged by a man's temperament, not by whether he wears a red or a blue rosette.

Messrs. Colin Wilson, Bill Hopkins and Stuart Holroyd approach the problems of their age in a religious, but strictly undenominational, spirit. The task of the writer (according to Hopkins) is "to find a way towards greater spiritual and mental health for his civilization in particular and his species in general"—a tall order, surely. Holroyd attacks "the humanist-scientific culture which has dominated the European scene for the last three hundred years, and infected all branches of thought, political, philosophical and aesthetic, with its poison." This is the fashionable neo-mediævalist humbug of Roman and Anglo-Catholicism; but, in Holroyd's case, without benefit of clergy. The one book which he has so far written is called *Emergence from Chaos*—a name which aptly describes my own feelings when I finished reading his essay. Wilson is no better; he wants artists to adopt "a common credo" (one might be less irritated if he would call it a creed, but the idea is too foolish to be made palatable even by a decent English word). Yet there is a passage in Wilson's piece which touches the heart and gives the clue to a dilemma which he shares with many of his generation:

I believe that our civilization is in decline, and that Outsiders are a symptom of that decline.

* *Declaration*. MacGibbon and Kee. 18s.

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They are men in reaction against scientific materialism ; *men who would once have found their orientation in the Church.* [Author's italics.]

Leaving on one side the question-begging term "scientific materialism," we may observe here the sense of loneliness and deprivation which afflicts the naturally religious mind that is unable to accept the historic doctrines of the Church. Anglicanism, if it is to maintain its comprehensive character, must provide a spiritual home for such people, and it is encouraging to find that Mervyn Stockwood (see page 263) is well aware of this crying need. One only wishes the same were true of his ecclesiastical superiors.

It is easy to criticize *Declaration*, and some very shrewd remarks about it were made by that experienced pundit, Mr. (better known to the M.C.C. as Colonel) Alan Pryce-Jones, in a Third Programme broadcast on October 27. (His equally shrewd appraisal of Beethoven follows this review, and may be turned to at once by any one whose interest I am failing to hold.) Mr. Pryce-Jones, while deplored the "artificial division between writers on the score of age," nevertheless adopts at the outset an autumnal, avuncular tone ("I have been trying to feel young again"), and at times carries this to the point of caricature ("I wonder what on earth these young men think they are talking about"). He is not altogether fair to the contributors. For instance, he accuses them of being excessively class-conscious, unlike his own more serene contemporaries, who romanticized the worker but had no social inhibitions. "The Osbornes and the Tynans and the Wains of the 1930s were called Auden and Spender and John Cornford and Day Lewis and Isherwood" ; and we are told that "a steel-worker or a duchess fitted equally easily into their scheme of things, without their giving a moment's thought to the matter." It is significant that he does not include Orwell in his list. One can hardly doubt that Orwell would have sympathized whole-heartedly with Osborne, Tynan, Anderson and Doris Lessing. There was no lack of class feeling about him, but it was not the kind usually favoured by Old Etonians. Life for him never threatened to become just one damned duchess after another. But while he preserved his integrity as a political idealist he was also most careful to preserve his integrity as an artist.

Mr. Pryce-Jones underrates the collective importance of the contributors to *Declaration*. He feels that they do not "really represent much except themselves." This is a fallacy.

In their discontent with established institutions they are highly representative. The word "Establishment" has acquired a loose but perceptible meaning, and the things which it denotes, both in Church and State, are a source of genuine vexation. Jimmy Porter, in *Look Back in Anger*, is the supreme literary embodiment of the new protestantism. He has the charm, the brutality, the obsessive nature and the terrifying eloquence which have kept Hamlet in business. One is conscious of the twitterings which his methodical madness has provoked, and one can almost hear the anguished cry of those who thought their destination was secure. "Oh! Mr. Porter, what shall we do?" They have been whirled onwards, God knows whither.

ALTRINCHAM.

UNPLEASANT GENIUS

BEETHOVEN AND HIS NEPHEW. By Editha and Richard Sterba. *Dennis Dobson*. 30s.

THE biographers of Beethoven face a perennial problem. From Schindler onwards they have had to establish a bridge between the man and his music, and usually they have done it by turning the man into a wounded Titan. By enlarging his personal stature, even at the cost of flat misrepresentation, they have tried to give him a dignity appropriate to his art. And so it has come about that Beethoven is generally thought of as some kind of martyr-figure, chronically misunderstood, crippled by poverty and ill-health and singularly unlucky in his personal relations.

This view of Beethoven is particularly definite when his relations with his nephew are considered. On the one hand, stands the devoted uncle, manfully striving to keep a young villain on the rails ; on the other, an ungrateful nephew, interested only in billiards and women, proving himself again and again totally unworthy of all the time, money and love so indulgently lavished upon him.

Nobody who looked a little under the surface has ever believed a word of all this. It has been left, however, to two Freudian analysts to make a fully documented study of one of the most distressing chapters in the life of genius. They do not attempt a full-scale psychological biography of Beethoven ; but inevitably they are led to sketch in other aspects of his life in order to make sense of

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his attitude as guardian to his nephew Karl. Their work is nothing if not thorough, and it is of that high seriousness inseparable from a Freudian training. Thus, speaking of Beethoven's vacillating affection for his brother, Dr. and Mrs. Sterba keep insisting that "the strong unconscious homosexual component was so apparent that it must at times have put Johann on the defensive". Or again, "Towns are personified as women. Ludwig's frequent outbursts against Vienna may very well have been expressions of his unconscious hatred of his mother. . . ."

It does not need such flights into the hypothetical to notice the extreme peculiarity of Beethoven's character. In his relations with the unlucky nephew they come out with unusual strength. He was capable of reckless hatred of women, and in particular of his sisters-in-law, and his brother's death when Karl was a boy of nine gave him exactly the lever he wanted. Thereafter, for over four years, Beethoven fought for his own sole guardianship of the boy, regardless of the fact that he had no home to offer him and that the boy himself was greatly attached to a mother who seems to have deserved very little of the obloquy heaped upon her. Once he had won his cause things went from bad to worse. It is Dr. and Mrs. Sterba's contention that Beethoven's love was of a maternal rather than a paternal kind; furthermore, that it was tyrannical, devoutly possessive, and fatally destructive in its consequences. After years of bickering, Karl's nerves were so shattered that he tried to kill himself. Thereafter he went into the army, eventually married, and spent the rest of his life in exemplary fashion.

The ramifications of this tragic story are excellently followed out by Dr. and Mrs. Sterba. They have been stern to Beethoven, but not unjust. His snobbery, his niggardliness, his lack of manners, suspicions, treacheries and moods of violence cannot be passed over, yet Beethoven is never made into an ogre. Indeed, by the end of the book it is possible to feel that he is as much the victim of his own *daemon* as his nephew. And the analytic method pursued is turned to good effect in discussing such matters as the famous letter to "the Immortal Beloved". It is arguable, however, that Beethoven's failure to establish any kind of harmony with Karl—in spite of a touching devotion on the part of the latter—sprang largely from a cause so simple that it is beneath the notice of an analytical study. Beethoven wanted to transcend himself in the person of Karl; he

required Karl to be a genius of his own calibre. And he could never forgive him for being an ordinary, pleasantly talented young man who found it easy to do the very things which his uncle found always beyond him: to move in society with grace, to take part in rapid conversation, to be, in fact, extremely ordinary. Each gesture of Karl's, therefore, reminded him that he was deaf, cross, formidably curmudgeon-like, detested by his servants with good cause. Perhaps the only factor which would have exasperated him still more would have been had Karl turned out to be the exceptional being he hoped for.

ALAN PRYCE-JONES.

CLAPTRAP ?

THE SUGAR PILL. By T. S. Matthews. Gollancz. 18s.

ON October 21 the *Daily Mirror* startled its readers by giving up most of its centre spread to a book review. The book was supposed to be of special interest because it was partly about the *Daily Mirror*.

According to Cassandra (the *Daily Mirror*'s well-known literary critic), a "tall, handsome" stranger, a Mr. Matthews who was once Editor of *Time* magazine, had actually asked whether he could have a look round the "fortress" where the *Daily Mirror* is put together in order to get material for a book. Just imagine! The chaps who run the *Mirror* felt it was "breath-taking" when the management said yes, and so the stranger set about his investigation—in a "calm, scholarly way" ("he was at Princeton and Oxford").

After this oddly coy, lash-fluttering introduction, critic Cassandra quoted a few of the calm, scholarly stranger's conclusions about the people who turn out the *Mirror*, ranging from a rave notice for the reviewer (pooh-poohed, of course) right down to a description of the Editor (rated unfair). These conclusions were incorporated in a book called *The Sugar Pill*, which was judged to be good; in fact, "extremely perceptive."

Presumptuous though it may be to differ from the *Daily Mirror*'s distinguished literary critic, I propose to do so.

Mr. Matthews has described some of the people who run the *Daily Mirror* (the Political Editor is not mentioned) and some of the people who run the *Manchester Guardian*. But he has little if anything of importance to reveal about the actual workings of those

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

fascinating enterprises and there are far better books on the subject (especially Mr. Cudlipp's on the *Daily Mirror*).

As for the argument of the book, I found it a maddening mixture of the obvious, the contradictory and the nonsensical. Mr. Matthews's title, *The Sugar Pill*, is simply the name he gives to the Press. He prefers his name to "The Daily Bread." All right—why not? But, according to Mr. Matthews this bandying of words constitutes a thesis. Would it be accepted as such at Princeton and Oxford? I doubt it.

I doubt, indeed, whether anybody who has ever seen a newspaper, let alone worked on one, would quarrel with Mr. Matthews's proposition that the Press wraps up instruction in entertainment, and sometimes leaves out the instruction entirely. But he is one of those writers who presents the most obvious statement as if it were daringly original and proceeds to assert it over and over again as if he were being interrupted by a pack of hecklers at the back of the hall.

It is odd that "claptrap" should be the favourite phrase of such a writer. The biggest claptrap, he asserts, is that the Press deals mainly with news, to which the obvious answer seems to be that many newspapers do deal mainly with news, but Mr. Matthews chooses to ignore them.

The next biggest piece of claptrap, apparently, is that the Press has enormous power. "This delusion," asserts Mr. Matthews, "is persistent and widespread." However, there seems to be considerable doubt as to who suffers from the delusion. According to Mr. Matthews, it is the "public-at-large." But two pages further on, we are assured that the men in the street, or ordinary newspaper readers, are not taken in for a moment. Is it the Press Lords, then, who suffer from the delusion? Yes, says Mr. Matthews. But the Press Lord whom he quotes, Mr. Hugh Cudlipp (if he is not a Lord he ought to be), goes on record as believing that a newspaper can never reverse popular attitudes. This is not enough to deter Mr. Matthews from saying over and over again that the Press is less powerful than somebody or other thinks. Who that somebody is never clearly emerges. Apparently it is General Notion.

The fact is that, whatever the general notion may be, serious newspapermen who commit their thoughts on this subject to paper usually dwell not on the power of the Press but on its lack of power. A number of books, beginning perhaps with Kennedy Jones's *Fleet Street*

and *Downing Street*, are haunted by a sense of failure and frustration.

My own feeling is that the popular newspapers nowadays tend to under-estimate rather than exaggerate their power and to suffer from cynicism (or even timidity) rather than megalomania. The subject is worth a book—a better one than *The Sugar Pill*.

CHARLES FENBY.

A CLOWN FOR CHRISTMAS

GROCK, KING OF CLOWNS. By Grock. *Methuen*. 21s.

TALKING OF BOOKS. By Oliver Edwards. *Heinemann*. 21s.

GOLDEN SECTIONS. By Michael Ayrton. *Methuen*. 25s.

A VISIT TO MRS. WILCOX. By Naomi Lewis. *Cresset*. 21s.

THREE MUSKETEERS. By Andre Maurois. *Cape*. 35s.

VOLTAIRE IN LOVE. By Nancy Mitford. *Hamish Hamilton*. 21s.

SHACKLETON. By Margery and James Fisher. *Barrie*. 30s.

THE MARKET OF SELEUKIA. By James Morris. *Faber*. 25s.

PORTUGAL. By Roy Campbell. *Max Reinhardt*. 21s.

ENGLISH LOVE POEMS. Edited by John Betjeman and Geoffrey Taylor. *Faber*. 15s.

POETIC HERITAGE. Compiled by John Press. *Deutsch*. 10s. 6d.

"PUT a bit of Christmas in it!" was a famous slogan of the past, and it does seem right that a book with a universal appeal should be given pride of place in our December issue. Even to-day, when the Harlequinade is almost extinct, though the great circuses come into their own in December, there will be a welcome for the autobiography of Grock, *King of Clowns*. At their first meeting Sir Winston Churchill mistook Adrian Wettach (Grock) for an Englishman. When Mr. Wettach said that he was Swiss, Sir Winston replied that in future he would say that the best comedians are the Swiss and the English. The order of preference was not lost by Grock, who regards this as one of the most charming compliments ever paid him.

Grock deserved it as he has deserved all kinds of adulation throughout the fifty years and more of his career. In the U.S.A. only he was not appreciated. The Americans' tastes

A Clown for Christmas

are, he feels, too crude for his polished and sophisticated art. He consoles himself with the fact that, although his American tour was a failure, he was able to buy a pleasant house for his parents out of the profits.

If there are any young gentlemen who believe that they are cut out for the clown's mask and the antics of the circus ring, they will do well to read *Grock's book*. It is the story of pantomimic genius matured and tempered by incessant practice and experiment and kept afloat by a superb business sense. *Grock*, who retired in 1954 at the height of his fame, is a man of all the talents, a fine linguist, an accomplished musician, a formidable boxer, and as good a theatrical agent as any performer could want.

Adrian Wettach came of a long line of peasants. Like many other small boys, his imagination was fired by a travelling circus. He trained himself to be an accomplished musician and tumbler, and became a performer when he was seventeen. He had supreme confidence from the very beginning. It hardly ever seems to have occurred to him that he would *not* be a success. He was always resilient, changing partners without fuss and always to his own profit, and determining in his early twenties that he would become an international celebrity. Sir Oswald Stoll and Volterra soon realized his unfailing ability to estimate his own worth. *Grock's* associates were horrified by his demands, but he almost always got what he wanted and went on to new triumphs. In time he mastered the international music-hall stage as he had mastered the sawdust ring. With his tiny fiddle in its large case, his staring white face, his limited vocabulary and his difficulties with chairs and pianos, he became the Colossus of the circus, and when the time came for his retirement in 1954 there was no one to succeed him. *Grock* had gone, but Herr Wettach retired to the peace and comfort of his Italian castle.

"For her who has kept them, and me, dusted" is the charming dedication of *Talking of Books*, a collection of reprinted "causeries" from *The Times* written by the mysterious Oliver Edwards. I say "mysterious" although rumour has been busy with Mr. Edwards' name, and he is clearly a man with a passion for reading, a phenomenal memory, and of extraordinarily varied tastes. He is a man who seems to be most at home in the byways of literature. He can appreciate George Gissing, Richard Middleton, Henry Kingsley, Cecil Torr, George Darley, E. W. Hornung and Edward Thomas.

HISTORICAL ESSAYS

H. R. Trevor-Roper

'The new Regius Professor has style and it springs from the most precious gift that a historian can be endowed with — feeling that what he is writing about is alive.' — *The Times*.
21s.

THE MIDLAND PEASANT

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A most important contribution to the economic and social history of England. By applying the microscope to one large Leicestershire village over the whole period of its history *The Midland Peasant* reconstructs the lost Peasant Economy.

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A one-volume edition containing long extracts from *The Autobiography*, *The Voyager of the Beagle*, *The Origin of the Species*, etc. An admirable introduction to a great man's works.

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A Primer of Foreign Relations

Adolf A. Berle

'It is a masterly exposition, dealing with each area in turn, and as a guide both to world problems and to the enlightened American outlook on them, Mr. Berle's book would be difficult to beat.' — *Daily Telegraph*. 21s.

MACMILLAN

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CANARY**

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Foreword by Air Chief Marshal SIR
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256 pp., 24 pp. illustrations. 18/- net.

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ADVENTURE**

by J. F. MACDONALD

The war on the Northern Frontier of Kenya against the Italians and their native allies is little known; like T. E. Lawrence's campaign it was 'a sideshow of a sideshow.' Nevertheless, it had its thrills, its terrors and its laughs and this is an amusing book written from his own experiences by a young man with an irreverent sense of humour.

224 pp. 16/- net.

CASSELL BOOKS

Every Thursday a crisp little informative essay appears on the book page of *The Times*. These pieces are usually well written and they are inviting. Rumour has been free with the identity of the enigmatic Edwards, but he is not given to gossip about himself. He obviously knows a good deal about the B.B.C., he is familiar with the North of England, and there is something very forthright in his manner of expressing himself. Anybody with time on his hands and the wish to pick up something interesting to read from the local library will find his little essays most helpful. The highbrows may be inclined to sneer, but if they had a quarter of the knowledge and half the charity that Mr. Edwards shows in everything he writes they would be all the better for it.

No more useful book of literary gossip of the best kind has been published in my recollection. Personally I am happy to say "thank you" to a writer whose first aim is to share his pleasures with other readers.

It is a commonplace that artists and doctors seem to be natural writers when they take up the pen, and Mr. Michael Ayrton is no exception. The late Wyndham Lewis, in his Foreword to *Golden Sections*, names Mr. Ayrton as one of the best artists in England. It is perhaps to be expected that Mr. Ayrton is at his best when he writes about Lewis, and his impish sense of humour was tickled by some events which occurred on a birthday anniversary of the late Constant Lambert.

During the course of this event, Lambert remarked that he had, on a previous birthday, met Lewis in the rather dispiriting bar of the Notting Hill Gate Underground Railway Station, a spot rarely patronized by rank and fashion. Lambert told me that on this previous occasion, he had enjoyed the rare privilege of hearing Wyndham Lewis sing a song, or part of a song, called "Pretty Polly Perkins" and nothing would content Lambert but to make a pilgrimage to the scene of this past triumph. When, fairly late at night, we approached the entrance to the bar, he explained to me that the opening stanza of the song began "I'm a broken-hearted milkman . . ." and I was much struck by the singularity of Lewis so designating himself. As we pushed open the door of the bar, a grim and forbidding edifice, only two people were standing at the long counter. At one end was an orchestral conductor known to us both as having deserted from the army some years previously and who was still technically on the run. At the other end of the bar Mr. Wyndham Lewis was standing, with a large black hat pulled down over his eyes. No one spoke and the only sound was that of trains groaning and

A Clown for Christmas

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roaring beneath our feet. Without seeing us and without singing a note, Lewis turned and strode into the night.

I am not qualified to discuss Mr. Ayrton's artistic judgments, but he is one of the few contemporary critics who can write about pictures without lapsing into almost incomprehensible jargon.

Miss Naomi Lewis takes her select position amongst the company of English women essayists with *A Visit to Mrs. Wilcox*. This lady is the celebrated Ella Wheeler herself, and Miss Lewis contrives to be informative, fair and entertaining about this prolific writer, who may be said to have reached her highest peak when she was sent over to England by a New York journal to write a poem about the death of Queen Victoria. "The Queen's Last Drive" was set to music by a friend of King Edward VII and, a year later, sung at the Royal Family's memorial service. It is at least as good as many more applauded tributes in verse.

Mrs. Wilcox was a modest person who was "moved to wonder why I have been accorded such unusual success when many writers who far excel me as poets and artists have failed to win recognition or remuneration." She felt that her popularity was due very much to the "extreme vitality" with which she was endowed. She added that it touched the public like an electric wave. Miss Lewis is very happy in handling her subject, and she seems entirely at home when writing about Victorian life and literature. No woman has written more successfully in the essay form since Virginia Woolf wrote her precise, brilliant pieces.

Not long ago M. Maurois wrote an able short life of Dumas père and it proves to be a preliminary sketch for *Three Musketeers, a Study of the Dumas Family*. It is a fascinating triptych, one of M. Maurois's best biographies. It could hardly fail to be, as it offers so many opportunities to the author of sharp contrasts and picturesque and romantic incidents. First there is the General, of aristocratic birth with a touch of colour in his blood. He enlisted as a dragoon, became a lieutenant-colonel in a few months, rose to high command, and died in poverty after he had offended Napoleon. It was one of the Emperor's less generous performances. He even extended his dislike to the General's widow and child. The child grew up to be the most prolific writer in the history of literature, a man with such a full-blooded talent for living that his own career was even more startling than that of his own D'Artagnan. The book

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

ends with a valuable and fascinating account of Dumas *fil*, for which M. Maurois has been able to draw upon much unpublished material.

Three Musketeers is worthy to stand beside the author's *Quest for Proust*, *Lelia*, and *Victor Hugo*. I found it as fascinating as any French biography I have read.

Miss Mitford follows up her study of the Pompadour with *Voltaire in Love*. As the author says, there are many hundreds of books about Voltaire and this one is neither a biography nor a study of his literary and philosophical achievements, but simply an account of his relationship with Madame du Chatelet, before Voltaire became a reformer. This is a picturesque and entertaining book, but it is also trivial and gossipy. Although I was often amused, I found myself asking why a writer of Miss Mitford's considerable talents should have occupied her time in writing it, and I hope that the time is near when she will return to cultured climes and more congenial subjects.

It is thirty-five years since Sir Ernest Shackleton died and there are, fortunately, many who knew him still able to contribute recollections and memories to the authors of *Shackleton*, a comprehensive biography by Margery and James Fisher, who were given access to hitherto unpublished papers, diaries and correspondence, including some moving letters that Shackleton wrote to his wife.

One might call this an old-fashioned biography because it is full, extremely well documented, and compiled with the intention of giving as informative a portrait of the famous explorer as is possible. There is nothing smart or up to date about it. There are no attempts to "debunk" anybody. In fact, this biography, written at a considerable distance of time, gives perspective to the life of a brave and resolute explorer.

Mr. Morris continues his survey of the Middle East in *The Market of Seleukia*, which has a most ambitious purpose. The author has attempted to give a picture of the whole Middle East as it was at the moment of the Suez crisis. Egypt and the Sudan, the Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, the Arabian Peninsula, Iraq and Persia are all discussed in the crisp, lively prose which made Mr. Morris's reputation in *Coast to Coast* and *Sultan in Oman*. *The Market of Seleukia* cannot be adequately noticed in a short review, and I have mentioned it here only to bring it to the attention of admirers of one of the very best of the younger travel writers. There are good illustrations and useful maps.

I am afraid that Roy Campbell's *Portugal*

may prove to be the last of his prose works. There are the usual small blemishes that one expects to find in this author's work—tirades and prejudices and so forth—but these play a very small part in a tribute to a country which, he believed, had a great and special gift to the world, "an intense, heroic, and enduring humanity." It is not a travel book or a guide book, but a personal account of Portugal and the Portuguese. It might be expected that Campbell would write about horses and horsemen, about the Fado and the Roman Celtic background of Portugal, and he has also something to say about underwater fishing, wines and literature. He illustrates his literary points with his own translations, and some of them have not been published before. There are some pleasant illustrations.

When the late Geoffrey Taylor wrote to Mr. John Betjeman about *English Love Poems*, an anthology they were to do together, he said, "I want to do it my own way—the long way, of reading the poets without consulting existing anthologies—my view being that there are probably as good fish in the forest as ever got into an anthology." That fine mixed metaphor covers a great truth. No more charmingly produced and skilfully compiled anthology is likely to come out this year. The expected poets are included, often represented by their less famous work, and the poets range from Chaucer to young Richard Murphy, who is represented by his ambitious "Archaeology of Love."

Readers of the *Sunday Times* will have noticed on the centre page verses published each week in the series *Poetic Heritage*. These verses are all included in Mr. John Press's thoughtful anthology of the same name. It is the compiler's view that, although changes in poetic taste steal upon us imperceptibly, yet the landscape of poetry alters every twenty-five years or so as irrevocably as the countenance of a man. The items included date from the 16th to the 20th century and form an enjoyable and distinguished selection.

ERIC GILLET.

The winner of our political essay competition is Mr. Geoffrey P. Smith of 9 Palmerston Place, Edinburgh. It is hoped that we may be able to publish his essay, in whole or in part, in a later issue.—EDITOR.

Novels

MARCH THE NINTH. R. C. Hutchinson. *Geoffrey Bles.* 15s.
THE VOLCANOES ABOVE US. Norman Lewis. *Cape.* 15s.
THE CHILD OF FORTUNE. P. B. Abercrombie. *Gollancz.* 15s.
AT LADY MOLLY'S. Anthony Powell. *Heinemann.* 15s.
SHARKS AND LITTLE FISH. Wolfgang Ott. *Hutchinson.* 15s.
THE DISTRICT OFFICER. Michael Kittermaster. *Constable.* 15s.
THE FORGOTTEN PLACE. Honor Croome. *Chatto and Windus.* 15s.
DOCTOR IN LOVE. Richard Gordon. *Michael Joseph.* 12s. 6d.
BONY BUYS A WOMAN. Arthur Upfield. *Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.

RC. HUTCHINSON is, as all his readers know, a superb natural storyteller. He can create a background convincing to the least detail; he can create characters who are completely thought out in all their mental and emotional processes; he can write with that fluent authority which sweeps the reader along till the last page is reached.

March the Ninth seems to me to be his best book for some long time. An Austrian refugee doctor, naturalized in America, has been sent to Europe with a relief organization. In Trieste, he runs up against his past in the form of one of those shabby stateless persons who must always haunt their more fortunate, rehabilitated fellows. He is asked, secretly, to treat a wounded man in hiding. The remote Dalmatian manor, so reminiscent of his forgotten youth, works like a charm on Eugen Reichenbach; also upon us, so felicitously is its life described. Working still more forcibly upon the doctor is his growing feeling for his patient's wife. The wounded man himself is a Nazi war criminal on the run, everything that Eugen has the best of reasons for loathing. Shall he help such a man as Zempelmarck to escape?

The decision is taken out of his hands. On March 9, 1942, the men and boys of a Serbo-Croat village were murdered as a reprisal. Those who remained have never forgotten Zempelmarck; on the eve of escape he is delivered to them. The truest feeling of the book is centred in this episode just before the climax: the Partisans, with their bravery and cruelty, their generous hospitality and their relentless, are most forcibly portrayed, as is also the unrepentant arrogance with which Zempelmarck and his sister confront their judges. The weakness of the book is the weight of choice laid upon Eugen Reichen-

Voltaire in Love

NANCY MITFORD

"A theme well adapted to her own interest, scholarship and vivacity . . . will give pleasure to learned and unlearned alike."—SIR HAROLD NICOLSON (*Observer*). "Has the same wit and high spirits as its predecessors."—JOHN RAYMOND (*News Chronicle*).

"Her most wonderful book to date. To this true story she has brought the wit, gaiety and perspicacity that she brings to fiction. . . . I defy almost any book to be more enjoyable."—ELIZABETH BOWEN (*Tatler*). *Illustrated.* 21s.

Seven Years Solitary

EDITH BONE

"I found the book inspiring . . . a wonderful and encouraging manifestation . . . her book left me with a feeling that I'd learned something essential about the whole human race."—MARGARET LANE (*B.B.C. Critics*). 18s.

Shakespeare at the Old Vic, 1956-7

MARY CLARKE

The fourth of this series of lavishly illustrated volumes which provide playgoers with a complete record of the season's work. *Illustrated.* 25s.

Albert Camus

PHILIP THODY

It is an appropriate time for the appearance of the first critical book in English on the winner of the 1957 Nobel Prize for Literature. 18s.

Then

There Was Fire

MINOU DROUET

Translated by
MARGARET CROSLAND

A new collection of poems, by the young French girl whose gift for words amazed and delighted many English readers of her *First Poems*. 10s. 6d.

Less Than Kin

Anglo-American Relations

WILLIAM CLARK

"One of the most readable, illuminating and important books that has appeared for many months."—*Daily Telegraph*. 18s.

HAMISH HAMILTON

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

bach, who is too fragile a character to take it, and the inflation of sentiment throughout by which an essentially romantic situation is given a moral status which the reader does not feel to be justified.

Norman Lewis's novels appeal, in the first place, by their superb descriptive writing, their power to convey whatever is the essence of a place. The story, generally rather too slight, has often been swamped by this evocation: in *The Volcanoes Above Us* it is entwined more tenaciously and the result is a haunting, rueful book. David Williams, first encountered in a Mexican gaol, lost his coffee plantation in one Central American revolution; he accepts a commission in another revolutionary army whose agent promises to restore it. Anyway the new dictator gets him out of gaol and transports him to Guatemala where any illusions he might have harboured about the incoming regime are quickly shattered. Somebody's money is behind every Central American revolution. This one is financed by the Universal Coffee Company, whose manager, Elliott, aims to turn the Guatemalan highlands into a combination of tourists' paradise and welfare state. Behind the high-sounding words and the real amenities Elliott is providing, it does not take Williams long to recognize that the reality for the Indians is the centuries-old fact of exploitation. His cynicism does not preclude a respect for the wretched, unattractive people, relics of an old proud civilization, who have somehow succeeded in resisting the European, whether his agents were the sword, the stake, forced miscegenation, kindness or even advertisement.

This is a moral dilemma in which we are all involved, for the crumbling prestige of the European began in his own heart. What have we given in return for what we took; is it enough and was it wanted? This has been Mr. Lewis's theme before, but he has never developed it more dramatically. There are some frightening scenes in this book; the massacre at the beginning; the silent protest at the end; the feeling of rejection everywhere in a land where birds and flowers are sinister and sweetmeats are made in the form of skulls. Nobody in this book is very admirable, but all are moving and the presentation, mainly through scenes of macabre comedy, is a triumph of skill.

Miss Abercrombie's *The Child of Fortune* is written with that close attention to the stuff of life for which she has been deservedly praised. Her people live in a luxury of care-

fully contained emotions; their mounting tensions are subtly developed in very closely written prose. This method is less successful in *The Child of Fortune* because the vitalizing element of this book is not of the kind that can be pinned down by investigations in depth. A greater gift for dramatization, and more impressionistic writing, is required to create an irresistible charmer, a great beauty, or a genius who has to be taken on trust. Neal Gilder is a divinely beautiful young American, with a brilliant unharnessed mind, who brings havoc to all the women with whom he is involved. The kind of emotional disturbance he brings is cleverly presented, but the young man himself never seems real. And therefore a book which displays a great deal of insight into the human heart fails to pieces—good pieces though they be.

The closely woven prose which does Miss Abercrombie's theme a disservice is, as we all know by now, the perfect vehicle for Mr. Anthony Powell, whose study of a small cohesive society, shading off above and below, is continued, I think, with complete triumph, in *At Lady Molly's*. The slightly ponderous wit, the idiom of the English of this class at the time, though now fractured by Americanization, is perfectly suited to the book. The action is made up of small scenes which taken singly seem indecisive, but at the end of the book all the people of the story—Jenkins the narrator, the comic-sinister Widmerpol, J. C. Quiggin and his Mona, the Tolland "girls," the elderly generals, the eccentric peer, have moved forward in life, we know them better, things that have puzzled us about them are made clear, and through it all the changing social climate is foreshadowed; it is smart to be Leftish, but you still need pretences of gentility to run a night club. We are a snobbish people and novelists ought to rejoice in the fact, for egalitarian society, once it is out of the primitive stage, is horribly dull. *At Lady Molly's* is very funny, every word of dialogue is exact, people reveal their secrets and their oddities in off-moments, as people do. If you opt for the view that human life is a comedy, Mr. Powell is your man.

Sharks and Little Fish is a German version of "the unspeakable cruelty of modern war at sea" (publisher's blurb). I doubt whether war at sea was much fun for Drake's or Nelson's sailors, but there is a particular horror about submarine warfare which it takes Teutonic thoroughness to reveal in all its revolting detail. Whether these books should be taken as effective moral indictments or as

NOVELS

a pandering to a growing taste for horrors is not for me to argue here. I have to say that it is a well-sustained story, immensely vigorous and apparently very well translated in that it reads smoothly and has dramatic punch.

The District Officer is a dispirited affair. One feels that the background is real and the incidents probable, but the limp writing, the flat dialogue, make this story of a well-meaning man whose attempts to secure justice for the Africans in his charge are frustrated by selfish Europeans on the one hand and disingenuous agitators on the other, less effective than it should have been. There is one excellent comedy scene of an African political meeting, there is the hint of romance between Marriott, the Commissioner, and a half-African girl, but this "difficult" situation is not allowed to develop and one feels contrivance in its melodramatic end. The experience of trying to secure justice between conflicting interests may well be discouraging, but it is a pity when that gets into the book.

Honor Croome's *The Forgotten Place* is a sentimental story, but the sentiment is true and the writing attractive. Helen Tarrant, released at last from one of those protracted enslavements to an ailing mother which are, or were, common among unmarried daughters of the English middle class, is able to buy back her childhood home. She can only run it by converting it into flats and in the flats is a good assortment of novelist's fauna, most of whom have their parts to play in Helen's belated growth to maturity. An unpretentious book, but readable and very charming.

All Dr. Gordon's admirers will be glad to learn that he is now settling down as a respected general practitioner, with an extremely suitable wife. In *Doctor in Love* his career as a G.P. is nearly nipped in the bud by the outrageous exploits of the irrepressible Grimsdyke (who admits that he is modelling his professional career on that of Mr. Benjamin Allen and Mr. Bob Sawyer), and he might well be daunted in his progress to the altar by the sobering spectacle of a domesticated and doting Benskin, but the reader is never caused any undue anxiety about his ultimate happiness. Cheerful and entertaining, *Doctor in Love* is sure to be as popular as the three previous "Doctor" books.

It is many years since Arthur Upfield first introduced us to his half-caste Australian aboriginal detective, Napoleon Bonaparte. Mr. Upfield does not bother about fashionable gimmicks in detective story writing, his mysteries are seldom insoluble by the reader,

but he is the first, if not the only writer of detective stories, to show us the workings of a mind in which primitive wisdom and European knowledge play turn and turn about. The woman whom Bony buys, with the purest possible intentions, is Meena, a young aborigine who holds the clue to the mystery of where a suspected criminal may be hiding. Meena is not a lay figure; she has a very decided character of her own, as has Charlie, the young black who is in love with her, and Sarah her mother, a most formidable squaw. *Bony Buys a Woman* is a most fascinating story; the insight into the ways and customs of the aborigines, the description of the unique, lonely landscape of the Australian outback with its curious natural phenomena, on one of which the dénouement turns, add to our knowledge and our pleasure. Arthur Upfield must have done more to induce reconsideration of this backward and despised people than a dozen monographs of anthropological research.

RUBY MILLAR.

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SOME NEW BOOKS FOR THE UNDER EIGHTIES

SOME NEW BOOKS FOR THE UNDER EIGHTIES

By GEOFFREY DEARMER

"**H**AD I but space enough and time," as Marvell might have said if he'd lived in the age of unheroic verse, and had I the literary charm and persuasiveness of an Eric Gillett, I might do more than tempt, I might even induce the odd reader to buy a particular work of fiction from the new books—now more numerous than ever—for the young, by doing detailed justice to its merit. But what's the use, especially when, as now, the standard is such a high one, and the competition so keen, there are few, if any, books which the avid young will not enjoy?

Besides, I am worried by this question of price. Apart from Penguins and Puffins (may I recommend unreservedly Alison Uttley's selection of tales *Magic in my Pocket*, Puffin, 3s. 6d., for no living writer for children has a delicacy of touch quite like hers?) barely more than one firm, Nelson, publishes good workmanlike story novels, well illustrated in gaily covered cloth covers, for only a few shillings. Thomas Nelson's "Panther Library," which includes Captain W. E. Johns's *Adventure Bound* and *Adventure Unlimited*, costs only 2s. 6d. For as little as 6s. each you can buy, for instance, two new works by Commander Douglas V. Duff, who went to sea at the age of fourteen when trained in the cadet ship *Conway*. These are *Sea-Bed Treasure*, a thriller of among much else a discovery in the ruins of Petra, and *Sea-Serpent Island*, an equally sure-fire winner. Blackies publish a splendid *Boys' School Story Omnibus* 8s. 6d., and for girls, all the three Susan Coolidge "Katy" stories at the same price.

I should also mention the Brockhampton Press books. These "Brock Books," too, are inexpensive, and round about the 7s. to 8s. mark. They are good, workmanlike stories, and include well-known authors for children, such as Margaret J. Baker, Ursula Hourihan and Mary Cathcart Borer. Angus MacVicar's *Atom Chasers in Tibet* is published at 7s. 6d. by Burke. Mr. MacVicar is well known to listeners and viewers both on Sound and TV. I confess I personally enjoyed most *Once The Mullah*, by Alice Geer Kelsey (Brock), a collection of twenty-eight stories about a Persian Moslem priest and judge who gets involved in

amusing incidents which alternate between idiocy and inspiration. Glance at him, sitting backwards on his donkey on the dust-cover, and you are most unlikely to leave him to languish in a bookshop.

I could easily write 1,000 true words on the merits of the purely *unfictional* new books, for this is the age of specialization. There are few magazine type volumes—*The Children's Own Wonder Book* (Odhams, 9s. 6d.) is almost the last of its type. An excellent volume it is too; and I heartily recommend Kathleen Lines's collection of *Stories for Girls* (Faber, 15s.), twenty-one stories by the best authors, from Bates and Mortimer Batten to Helen Waddell, Walpole and Henry Williamson. Mullers publish at 8s. 6d. each engrossing books on earthquakes and volcanoes, bridges and tunnels, railways, scouting, Scotland Yard, sailing, ships, famous voyages in small boats (by John Merrett, who now contributes an excellent biography of Captain Cook), and other subjects. Ronald Seth's *How Spies Work* (Bles, 9s. 6d.) would keep any boy out of mischief for all too short a time. Methuen's always admirable *Outlines* (10s. 6d.) includes a new one on Napoleon by Audrey Cammiade

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JOHN CALDER

SOME NEW BOOKS FOR THE UNDER EIGHTIES

—history with delight, with drawings as you go along. There is something extraordinarily refreshing about these drawings, but then they are by a contemporary. *The Boys' Book of Exploration*, edited by Sir Edmund Hillary and admirably published with just the right photograph by Cassell at 12s. 6d., though frankly a digest is also a banquet. Twelve first-hand accounts from the heights to the depths are included.

In modest prose their deeds are sung,
And yet, I wonder, did these men
Need no more than an aqualung
And a bottle or two of oxygen ?

Sir Edmund's account of the Everest epic, and that of Tensing of an earlier attempt, are models of their kind. Hillary's story is hewn out of the ice, step by step, with praise for everybody but himself. He succeeded, whereas Anthony Phair failed, in his search for the Incas' gold, but this extract from *Inca Gold* is a complete and thrilling story. Phair and his friend Goebert failed, but only just, and not as men. Any boy would wish to have acted as they did. Mr. Arthur C. Clarke's surely prophetic chapter on "Stations in Space" is as brilliantly imaginative as the photograph (or so one would swear blind it was), "Building the Space Station." I have no space to begin to do this book justice, and not much left for a valuable little book, *The Great South Sea*, by Roger Pilkington (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), which covers the South Seas (not to mention the rest of the world), their probable origin, their history, and their present geography in vivid prose, with line illustrations to match.

In Natural History I must mention two books. Cornelius Conyn's *A Zoo of my Own* (Harrap, 12s. 6d.), which I would beg the reader to pick up, glance at Dick Dewilde's drawings and accept my assurance that the text is equally attractive, and *Animals as Friends and How to Keep Them*, by Margaret Shaw and James Fisher (Dent, 16s.), is a text-book for all time, and includes the care and treatment of eighteen mammals, fourteen birds and every possible pet, warm and cold-blooded. And still they come. Hutchinson, for instance, has a specially attractive list—*The Story of a Great Ship* (the *Titanic*) by Joseph E. Chipperfield could not be more memorably told, nor could *The Story of Our World*, by I. D. Evans (12s. 6d.). *Horse in the Clouds*, by a sixteen-year-old girl, Helen Griffiths, is probably the best horse story of the year.

And which is the best new novel ? In my opinion this is an easy one. It's *The Silver*

Branch, by Rosemary Sutcliff, a sequel to the magnificent *Eagle of the Ninth* and deserving the same adjective; so for that matter, do Charles Keeping's drawings (Oxford, 12s. 6d.).

There are two outstanding anthologies. (1) *The Poetry Society's Verse Speaking Anthology 1957* (4s. 6d. only to children and students, 7s. 6d. to others, obtainable from The Poetry Society, 33 Portland Square, W.1, postage 10d. or through a bookshop). This is an outstanding collection of about 260 poems, new and old, specially chosen to be spoken. It is under-priced, but cannot be over-praised. "It has been a team job," writes Mr. Graddon in a foreword, "and laborious, mainly because of the difficulty of exclusion." It is well printed on good paper. "Not a book to be jealously guarded, but a working script from which to learn poetry at all the odd moments the days allow." (2) *Rhyme and Reason*, compiled by Raymond O'Malley and Denys Thompson (Chatto and Windus, 9s. 6d.). This book is equally bold in its careful choice of modern work that stands up well beside the old, as does good furniture of different periods in a room. There are 175 poems, arranged in nine subject sections, and the selection taste is impeccable. How often, when browsing in an anthology, does one come across poems one strongly dislikes, God wot !

GEOFFREY DEARMER.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE Age of Revolution (Cassell, 30s.) is the third volume of Sir Winston Churchill's *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*. It brings the story down from 1688, when William III reigned, to 1815, the year after Waterloo. As usual Sir Winston marshals his material with an unerring eye for effect. His flair for presentation has not failed him and his asides and comments are superbly apt. A memorable book.

* * *

Paris Sketchbook by Ronald Searle and Kaye Webb (Perpetua, 21s.) is an ideal Christmas present. The text is amazingly fresh for such a stale subject, and the drawings are subtle, varied and entrancing.

* * *

The seventeenth issue of *The Saturday Book* (Hutchinson, 30s.), edited by John Hadfield, maintains the very high standard of these

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

agreeable annuals. The illustrations are as attractive as ever. The sixth *Bedside Guardian* (Collins, 13s. 6d.), with a Foreword by Ivor Brown, is rather more serious than usual, but it is ideal for "dipping" into. *The Book of Leisure* (Odhams, 20s.), edited by John Pudney, is remarkable value. It sets out to entertain and almost all the material in it is new.

* * *

It is six years since *Artur Schnabel* (Cassell, 36s.) died, and Mr. Cesar Saerchinger's comprehensive and friendly biography is a worthy tribute to a great artist and teacher. His own master, Leschetizky, once said to him, "You won't ever be a pianist, but you will be a musician." It was a most inaccurate estimate, but it is certainly true that Schnabel was never a "mere pianist."

* * *

Thoughts in the Wilderness (Heinemann, 21s.) is a collection of J. B. Priestley's more controversial essays, and it contains some lively, independent expressions of opinion on (among other people and subjects) Dr. Leavis, Grey Eminences, Mass Communicating, Billy Graham, Publishers, and The Writer in a Changing Society. The writer's interests are so wide, his judgments so honest and forthright that there is not likely to be a more rewarding commentary on contemporary society this year.

* * *

The reminiscences of Mr. Ernest Tennant, *True Account* (Parrish, 21s.), a banker, are largely concerned with his altruistic efforts to bring about an understanding between Great Britain and Germany. There is an unusual portrait of Ribbentrop, and an extraordinary account of an encounter with a lion. The author shows great tolerance and a sense of perspective. He knows how to tell a story with great effect.

* * *

At the age of seventeen, Alex Kerr began work at a Glasgow zoo, polishing up the tortoises. As *No Bars Between* (Cassell, 16s.) explains, he is now in complete charge of the Bertram Mills menagerie. He gives a humane and understanding account of the training of "wild cats." There are excellent illustrations.

* * *

The Life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning (Murray, 42s.), by Gardner B. Taplin, is

described as "a full-length biography based on original sources." In fact, there does not appear to be very much new material, though there are unpublished letters to Miss Mitford and H. S. Boyd. The book is thorough, deliberate, and very sincere.

* * *

Twenty years ago the late W. J. Braithwaite wrote his account of the first National Health Insurance Scheme, embodied in Lloyd George's Act of 1911. Under the title of *Lloyd George's Ambulance Wagon* (Methuen, 30s.), it now appears with introductions by Sir Henry Bunbury and Professor Titmuss. An excellent picture of the Civil Service from within, containing a vivid description of the enigmatic Robert Morant, with whom the author crossed swords.

* * *

A grandson of Sir Oliver Lodge, Tom Lodge sailed from England to Montreal on his eighteenth birthday with £16 sewn into his shirt. Work as a cowboy in Southern Alberta was followed by ice-fishing on Great Slave Lake. It was succeeded by a spell with Red Indians, selling motor cars, singing on the radio and working as a gang labourer. *Beyond the Great Slave Lake* (Cassell, 16s.) is the lively record of these experiences, illustrated by good action photographs.

* * *

A Norwegian engineer, Sigurd Eliassen, undertook to irrigate the northern Chinese province of Shensi during the early 'thirties. *Dragon Wang's River* (Methuen, 21s.) tells how he found the Chinese character to be even more inscrutable and complicated than he anticipated. He achieved his object and learned a great deal about "squeeze," civil war, intrigue and various forms of attempted murder.

* * *

In *The Valiant Stumper* (Paul, 15s.) Mr. G. D. Martineau describes most agreeably the history of wicket-keeping. Full of good anecdotes and sound judgments, there should be a warm welcome for this friendly, well-written book.

* * *

In *Small Moments* (Hutchinson, 16s.) Richard Church has collected some of his recent essays, all of them about experiences he has enjoyed. His Kentish home and the surrounding countryside provide material for

MUSIC

many of them, and there are also reminiscences of Edinburgh, Venice, Florence and other places. This is a delightful book, decorated with wood engravings by Joan Hassall.

* * *

A Book of Archaeology (Cassell, 12s. 6d.), edited by Lady Wheeler, contains seventeen accounts of archaeologists' discoveries. The subjects range from the Dead Sea Scrolls to the treasures of Tutankh-Amen, and the book should be of value in providing the general reader with an introduction to a fascinating subject.

E. G.

Music

By ROBIN DENNISTON

Bach Knows Best?

IN the recent series of concerts given by what we used to know as the Boyd Neel Orchestra (now Philomusica of London), under the direction of Thurston Dart, the emphasis has been on reproducing as exactly

as possible the instruments, combinations and effects that Bach himself prescribed; thus in the First Brandenburg Concerto two high trumpets were used, rather than horns as has become customary. Bach also calls for a *violino piccolo*, three oboes and a bassoon. Mr. Dart's laudable object is to ensure that the listener hears exactly what Bach wished him to hear, and thus be able to appreciate him at his purest. I have two questions to ask: first of all, has the exact recreation in fact covered all the essential elements? And secondly, does Bach really know what is best for us now? It is an undeniable fact that the Festival Hall was not built in Cöthen in 1720, and that the acoustical conditions in which his music was first heard were utterly different from those of modern concert halls; instruments have been modified in the intervening centuries; skills have waxed and waned; conductors have come into prominence and continuo playing has lapsed; professionalism is rife, and the personality cult, that besetting 20th century phenomenon, has come to music. All this makes for new emphases, new interpretations. This is not to denigrate the

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attempt to return to Bach's actual intended sounds, so far as this is possible; it is simple to suggest that the return can only be a partial affair.

The second question, however, is more radical. Bach knew what he wanted, certainly, none better. Unlike Haydn or Mozart, he was not careless in his instrumental requirements; he did not feel, as do composers who are required to produce light music, that the ideal ensemble for a particular piece was only an ideal which would and should be modified in the light of what is available. But in different centuries ears become accustomed to different sounds, senses are pleased by different combinations of notes. To-day John Dowland and William Byrd can sound abstruse if not incomprehensible to most concert-goers; yet in their time their music was perfectly accessible. It is as if, out of the Dark Ages and through the Reformation and the Jacobite period, music slowly grew more comprehensible, and we feel that composers and audiences were pleased with the sounds they heard in the same way as we are hearing the same sounds. This development continues through the classical composers, whose music—as Beethoven's later Sonatas—may be obscure but never seems meaningless, and culminates in Mendelssohn and the contributors to the unrevised "Hymns Ancient and Modern," where prettiness, ease on the ear, a total banishment even of quickly resolved discords, and the apotheosis of the dominant seventh are evident. Thereafter, following Brahms and Wagner, the curtain begins to descend until to-day most serious contemporary music is quite beyond the comprehension of the ordinary listeners without prior study.

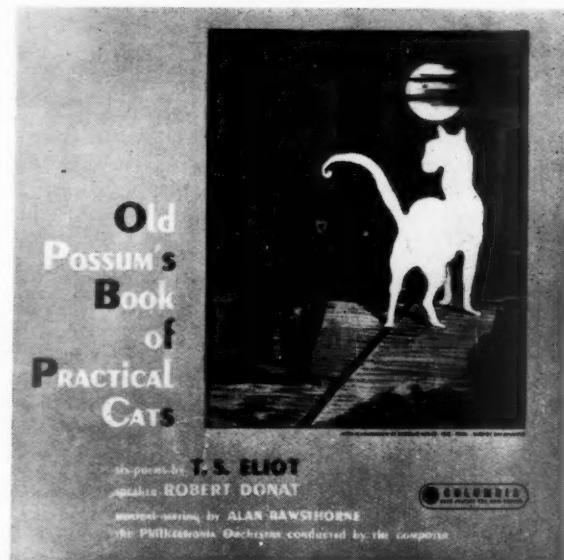
Is this way of looking at the history of music relative or absolute? Were the composers of the mid-19th century then, now and always prettier than their counterparts to-day or 300 years ago, or are we committing the usual anthropocentric fallacy in thinking that what is easy and what is difficult on the ear to us is identically so regardless of time and place? Presuming, as current philosophy would do, that we have in fact fallen into this fallacy, it becomes apparent that for us, at any rate, Bach does not know best, and so to appreciate Bach fully we should play him in the way which strikes us as producing the most satisfactory combinations of sounds. This does not mean we should ignore his instructions, or the dynamic marks of his editors, or that we should even abandon some of his

cadences if they strike us as being too harsh or stringent or "primitive," although in a generation less concerned with pure scholarship and more romantic and subjective in its approach to musical texts all this would be, and has been done. But it does indicate that to aim at 100 per cent. purity in presenting Bach, as Thurston Dart and his distinguished players do, is simply to say that they and those who go to their concerts prefer a scholarly approach; not that such an approach has any validity outside time and the vagaries of the artistic temperament.

"Aïda"—New Style

Miss Wallmann embarked on her new production of *Aïda* at Covent Garden with the preconceived—and I think mistaken—notion that the opera is about the Egypt we know from the Bible and Herodotus and dug-up pots and tombs. She devoted much thought and imagination to arranging groups of the chorus into friezes if they did not happen to be doing anything special at the time, and she called for clothes which may well be authentically Egyptian, but are little more than an embarrassment to the well-fleshed singers who have to wear them, and to an audience ready to acknowledge the ridiculous. The decor, on the contrary, was magnificently lumpish and genuinely added to the meaning of the music. But, of course, except for Act I, Scene 2, Verdi made hardly any attempt to throw off his Italianate style and reproduce a mock Egyptian one. Although *a priori* Aïda herself is correctly turned into a blackamoor, the effect, when Amy Shuard was in full voice, was disconcerting; surely it is much more important, dramatically, that Aïda should be seductive—a sort of innocent Cleopatra; otherwise Radames' preference for her rather than the well-born Amneris looks very odd. This was in fact emphasized because Fedora Barbieri as Amneris was easily the most successful singer of the evening. Amy Shuard competed hard and with fine musicianship, but in her mezzo-forte range the roughness of her tone intruded on the ear and she seemed to be singing below the note; technique overcame this in the fortissimo and piano passages. The other singers were not notably happy in their parts, and for this the blame must partly be laid at the door of the producer, who seemed more interested in movements and groups and colour and historical

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consistency than in the one thing that really matters, which is the music.

Aida is the more immediately satisfying than all other Verdi operas: Act II, Scene 2, is the most compulsively applaudable act in all opera, and for the perfect cohesion of dramatic and musical point, Act III is unsurpassable. Perhaps the point at which Verdi's music makes its greatest physical impact is at the abrupt change of key from A flat to B major in the Triumphal March. It is a change from a rich, muted key to one of steely vibrance in which the trumpets send out silvery snakes of sound which penetrate the atmosphere like a diamond-cutter. This moment was given added significance by the simple but effective device—borrowed from jazz bands—of making the sounds come from two different parts of the huge stage. The effect of the changed source of sound identifying itself with the change of key was something not quickly to be forgotten.

ROBIN DENNISTON.

Records

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

IT happens all too seldom that we get a completely satisfying performance and recording of a Mozart piano concerto, but it has now happened on Supraphon LPM205, which gives us the E Flat Concerto (K.482)—of which there was only one version, and a poor one, available on L.P. previously—sensitively played by Hélène Boschi and well accompanied by the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra under Alois Klima. Clarinets make their first appearance in this lovely concerto. Mozart had used oboes before—and the scoring includes two trumpets and two kettledrums. The slow movement is a most interesting combination of rondo and variation form. On the reverse Constantin Silvestri conducts the Prague Symphony Orchestra in a newly discovered Haydn Symphony (G major), sub-titled "Bruckenthaler," which was found in the archives of a Hungarian politician of that name. A charming little work in three movements and beautifully played.

Klemperer, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, takes a serious (and dramatic) view of Mozart's "Prague" Symphony (D major), which seems to me right, and also of the E Flat Symphony (K.543), which I prefer to

be more lightly treated; but these performances, splendidly recorded, are very impressive (Columbia 33CX1486). Another "Pastoral" Symphony, with André Cluytens conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra (H.M.V. ALP1408) and another Brahms No. 2, with Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra (Columbia 33CX1355), both magnificently played and recorded. A rather relaxed "Pastoral" and a very vital Brahms are clues to the conductor's interpretations.

At last a performance of Bach's Double Concerto for Two Violins (D minor) that is a complete success—it is really lovely—on a disc that gives us also the A Minor and E Major Violin Concertos. Schneiderhan is the very able soloist in these last two works and is joined by Rudolf Baumgartner, leader of the Lucerne Festival Strings, in the Double Concerto. A very satisfying disc (D.G.G. Archive APM14086).

Gina Bachauer, who studied with Rachmaninov, gives a very fine performance of his Third Piano Concerto (D minor), with a better balanced orchestral part (The London Orchestra conducted by Alec Sherman) than in the remarkable Gilels version (Columbia 33CX1323). The new disc is H.M.V. CLP1138.

The late and deeply lamented Dennis Brain plays, with all his unique mastery and his sensitive musicianship, the two Strauss Horn Concertos, both in E flat, with Sawallisch conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra (Columbia 33CX1491). The first is an early work, the second one of Strauss's old age; neither amounts to much.

I prefer to find Dennis's memorial in his exquisite playing of the horn solo in the slow movement of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, the whole work receiving a truly marvellous performance by Silvestri and the Philharmonia Orchestra (H.M.V. ALP1491).

Highly Recommended. Delibes' *Coppelia* (the complete ballet) played by Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra (Decca LXT5342-3). Grieg's music for *Peer Gynt*, with Ilse Hollweg singing the songs (in German), Sir Thomas Beecham and the R.P.O. and Beecham Choral Society (H.M.V. ALP1530).

Instrumental

Menuhin's fine and very personal readings of Bach's Sonatas and Partitas for solo violin, are very well recorded on H.M.V. ALP1512 and 1531-2. Fischer is at his grand best in Beet-

Records

hoven's D Major Piano Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3, and good in the C Minor, Op. 111, though, like many others, disappointing in the wonderful final section. Excellent recording (H.M.V. ALP1271). Giesecking, also at his grand best in most of another batch of Beethoven piano sonatas, recorded not long before his untimely death. The two little sonatas of Op. 49 are most charmingly done, the "Pathétique" is tremendous, the F Minor rather variable (Columbia 33CX1488).

Song

Lotte Lehmann sings gloriously and with great warmth and fervour in Schumann's cycle *Frauenliebe und Leben* with Bruno Walter accompanying too reticently. Recording of voice very good, of piano poor (Philips ABL3166). Joerg Demus, better known as a solo pianist, accompanies in Fischer-Dieskau's beautiful performance of Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, to which he adds six of Brahms's Heine Lieder. This pianist is well recorded, but also too reticent, and misses some of the finer points (D.G.G. DGM18370). Hotter, with Gerald Moore most satisfactorily at the piano, sings a number of well-known and less well-known Brahms Lieder. He is in very good voice, the balance is excellent, and the recital most enjoyable (Columbia 33CX1448). Choral and operatic discs must stand over till next month.

ALEC ROBERTSON.

Finance

By LOMBARDO

When in Doubt

AS always during times of uncertainty in political and economic affairs discussions range over wide fields and between extreme opinions. When in doubt have an argument and see whether you can harden your own uncertainty as the pros and cons are bandied to and fro. Sir Winston Churchill, if we can judge by some recently published memoirs, made a habit of "trying it out" on his military dogs throughout the war years, and no doubt hardened many schemes and discarded others as a result of his post-prandial conversations. The City has been the scene of innumerable private debates in recent weeks and I guess that most of the time most of the debaters have been trying to draw out sufficiently convincing arguments to take a firm view of the immediate trend. For the weathervanes have been unreliable owing to

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

the absence of steady breezes and the intervention of unexpected gusts. Look how the Wall Street weathercock behaved when the Sputnik was launched, or when the President said "Chins up," or the interest rates slackened slightly. Look at the recent bouts of optimism and depression of the London weathercock: not such a jumpy bird as the American one, perhaps, but changeable and unable to keep his beak pointing in any decided direction.

As I write he is veering round to indicate that a warmer breeze of optimism is blowing: but I would not like to bet that he will still be pointing in the same direction by the time these words appear in print. "When in doubt do nowt" the cautious investor of uncertain mind is saying to himself—and let the man of courage step in and reap the benefit if his convictions prove to be justified.

The State of the Market

Let me hasten to say that if nothing occurs to kill the incipient optimism which is still coping with the pains of birth, the market could soon establish a decided upward trend.

Generally speaking there is no large supply of floating stock and any sustained demand would soon make this evident. Prices would be marked up and bears would be squeezed. Any large buying orders would find the market unable to meet them without some negotiation to find the stock, even in securities that have a reasonably free market. Careful investors who selected a few sound equities because the prices seemed at a bargain level a short time ago could not add to their purchases at the same price. Sentiment can change quickly in these uncertain days, however, and prices could just as quickly be marked down to their "bargain" level. This is particularly true in the oil market, where political events against a background of over-production can cause the bears to gloat almost more easily than to groan with the pain of a squeeze. I wonder, for instance, what the news from the Middle East will be by the time we appear in print. However, the "technical" position of the market is such that some sharp rises in prices could come before Christmas if politics don't change the current inclination to believe the markets must improve.

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FINANCE

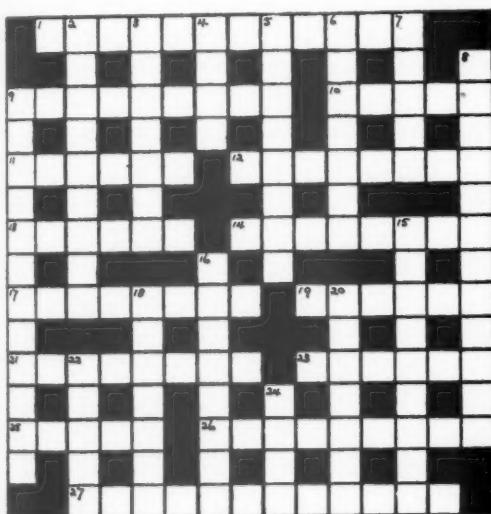
The State of the Nation

The economic and financial position of the country may not justify a broadening of market optimism. In the first place, the pound is by no means secure. It is true that sterling has improved and held its position so far, but there is still room for some doubts. In politics both at home and internationally much could happen to weaken our position. The Russians still hold the initiative in the cold war and do not mean to let the West have sufficient respite for consolidation if they can prevent it. N.A.T.O. has run into difficulties about the supply of arms to Tunisia: the French economy is in a parlous state: in December the N.A.T.O. meeting will be wrestling with the intricacies of the European Common Market and we might be imbroiled in a new crisis in Commonwealth affairs.

On the home front the Government's determination to carry on with its anti-inflation policy without flinching has already brought yells of protest from employees in the Health Service and threats from other unions. The big unions, however, are giving the impression that they realize that they must not act as though they believed in inflation at all costs. This impression is probably justified and if so it is important because industrial "war" was the factor most calculated to cause trouble for the Government in carrying out their policy. It should be remembered, however, that the Government's policy is a deflationary one and that it will take some time to work through the whole economy. That fact hardly justifies a belief in a sustained rise in industrial equity share values on a broad front.

LOMBARDO.

NATIONAL & ENGLISH REVIEW CROSSWORD No. 16



A prize of one guinea will be awarded for the first correct solution, opened on December 15th. Please cut out and send, with your name and address, to National and English Review (Crossword), 2 Breams Buildings, London E.C.4.

Last month's winner is:

*Miss Margaret John,
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St. Paul's Cray, Orpington, Kent.*

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NUMBER 15

ACROSS.—1. Pistol. 5. Crambo. 10. Appears. 11. Chagrin. 12. Breton. 15. Anthem. 16. Tempest. 17. Lash. 18. Oral. 19. Wrenger. 20. Drop. 22. Mars. 25. Attests. 27. Stucco. 28. Spring. 31. Asinine. 32. Animate. 33. Utters. 34. Sister.

DOWN.—2. Impress. 3. Teapot. 4. Last. 5. Cock. 6. Avant. 7. Burgher. 8. Gambol. 9. Animal. 13. Negrito. 14. Spanker. 15. Ascents. 20. Dismal. 21. Oculist. 23. Agitate. 24. Signed. 25. Active. 26. Splits. 29. Tess. 30. Laws.

CLUES

ACROSS

- Time for stocking up. (9, 3)
- Parting description? (9)
- The return of an era. (5)
- As to travel by boat, it means attack. (6)
- Finding it among precious stones causes excitement. (8)
- Talks foolishly of an afterthought about speed. (6)
- Unpaid director perhaps. (8)
- Lachesis, Clotho and Atropos. (3, 5)
- Famous American backs no side. (6)
- Ruler at a court mêlée. (8)
- Is back about a distant expedition. (6)
- Weird Eastern lake. (5)
- Degrading German town amidst the heather. (9)
- "When the . . . burglar's not a-burgling." Gilbert (*The Pirates of Penzance*). (12)

DOWN

- Passes the fish as a gesture of goodwill. (9)
- Honour that is solid in a way. (7)
- Branch off here,—understand? (4)
- "As headstrong as an . . . on the banks of the Nile." Sheridan (*The Rivals*). (8)
- Passed in a decent obscurity. (7)
- Choice of the Selection Board. (5)
- A lame way of dealing with a horse. (12)
- Boat going begging? (5, 7)
- Maybe it's a man, an islander. (9)
- Manx cat's favourite tradesman? (8)
- Old Iago to Othello. (7)
- Greed as for chocolate drops. (7)
- Short language mostly. (5)
- Employer's strange ruse. (4)

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